A YEAR AND A DAY IN THE EAST;

OR,

WANDERINGS OVER LAND AND SEA.

BY MRS. ELIOT MONTAUBAN.

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR
LONGMAN, BROWN, GREEN, AND LONGMANS,
PATERNOSTER-ROW.
1846.

London:
Printed by A. Spottiswoode,
New-Street-Square.

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CHAPTER I.

PARIS. — MARSEILLES. — MALTA.

In 184–, we commenced our journey from Paris to Marseilles. The railroad passes through a fertile and cultivated country to Orleans. The driver of the malle-poste could hardly dole forth twenty minutes of precious time more reluctantly than the surly conductor of our Diligence, when we stopped the following morning to breakfast at Nevers, a dirty, dismal, ancient town, situated on the right bank of the Loire. The road crosses the river on quitting Nevers by a heavy bridge of twenty arches. At eight in the evening we reached Moulins: it is situated on the Allier, and apparently a busy, cheerful town.

The head-gear of the peasant women is very grotesque and indescribable in shape; something between a couple of Turkish slippers, fixed to each side of a round crown, and a canoe metamorphosed into a bonnet.

In Murray's Guide-book the Hotel d'Allier is described as "very good, and moderate." To this I can only answer, "*De gustibus non est disputandum.*" Moderate it is indeed, save in dirt and fleas, and it abounds in odours vile; the fare was indifferent, and attendance bad.

We performed our second night-journey in a small diligence, like a Paris coucou, or rather a sort of square box, in which five grown-up and goodly specimens of man and womankind were tightly packed, as far as Macon. Not having the mesmeric faculty of seeing with the eyes shut, I can give no account of the scenery till we approached the birth-place and summer residence of La Martine, the country surrounding which is flat and well cultivated.

At half-past 10 A.M. we started for Lyons: the steamer was small and dirty, bearing cargoes of merchandise. The passengers (with the exception of our distinguished selves) were very unprepossessing specimens of their respective nations. The scenery on the banks of the Saone is

not interesting, but improves in the neighbourhood of Lyons: the position of this city on the two great rivers Saone and Rhone is very striking; but all impressions in its favour are dispelled on entering the narrow dirty streets of the town. We passed one night in the Hotel du Midi, which has nothing but the situation to recommend it. For dirt, dust, and insects, mentionable and unmentionable, it is pre-eminent.

At four o'clock, on the 4th of August, we started for Avignon, by the steamer. The scenery on the Rhone is very interesting; it is a noble, bounding river, but its navigation is rendered difficult by the rapidity of the current and the shifting sand-banks. Here and there the ruins of an old baronial castle may be seen upon the heights; but "Old Father Rhine" maintains his superiority in many points.

The steamer passes the ancient towns of Vienne, Tournon, and Valence, where the suspension bridge is one of the handsomest on the Rhone. Pont St. Esprit, with twenty-six arches, is said to be the largest stone bridge in the world.

We had only a passing glimpse of Avignon, which we reached at four o'clock. The vast palace, with its gigantic towers and masses of solid masonry, has more the air of a feudal fortress

than a residence of His Sanctity the Pope. Of the wonders and beauties in and near Avignon, not having rested more than an hour there, the illustrious writer of these valuable pages has nothing to relate; but begs to recommend every traveller to the Hotel de l'Europe, as possessing all requisite comfort; it is remarkable for cleanliness, good order and arrangement, and excellent attendance; and the terms of "entertainment for man and beast" are very moderate.

We started for Marseilles in a machine fit to convey the doomed to Purgatory; a huge unwieldy diligence, with six wheels. The noise, the rattling, jolting, rumbling, shaking, whirling, and swaying we endured, no words can describe; manifold are the miseries of such a conveyance. At 7 A. M., on the 5th of August, we reached Marseilles, to the beginning of which celebrated town there seems no end. We were earnestly advised to take up our abode in the Hotel de Paradis; the fare, accommodation, and charges were moderate, and its vicinity to the Quay convenient.

The environs of Marseilles are particularly unattractive; high stone walls, arid rocks, and whirlwinds of dust in every direction. No verdure, not a blade of grass or a flower to refresh

the eye. The Prado is the most popular resort in the neighbourhood, having the peculiar recommendation of a few trees and a delightful sea breeze.

St. Pierre is approached by a narrow, rough road, with high walls of sun-burnt bricks on either side, and a fine view may be enjoyed from the Consul's chateau.

After a few days' rest, we quitted our celestial abode at Marseilles for a good cabin in the steamer.

There were about twenty passengers on board the fine vessel which conveyed us to Malta; a few French, and many English: among the latter, a young officer, who, at the advanced age of twenty-one, informed us "he had lived to be weary of every thing on earth; had not piety enough to turn his thoughts to heaven, and was utterly *blasé*." He had evidently acquired a considerable proficiency in the art of flirtation; and met with a kindred spirit in a handsome daughter of Eve, homeward bound to Malta; a ruthless destroyer of every *h* in her mother tongue, but gifted with good looks, which acted as a passport in her favour every where. There was one matronly dame on board, whose vulgarity was such as Bulwer terms "deep scarlet." A loving

couple, fresh from "the hymeneal altar;" and a few, whose "lights and shades of character" were not very striking. These various members of the human family were well accommodated in the good ship E——. We passed the straits between Sardinia and Corsica on the second day of our voyage: the coasts are bold, rocky, and abrupt, but picturesque in appearance. The following day, a coup-d'œil of Sicily, and the island on which is situated the state prison, were the only sights which enlivened our passage. We were three days and nights on board, and then anchored in the beautiful harbour of Malta. Of the strife of tongues on landing, the heavy verbal cannonade with which we were greeted by the swarthy boatmen and owners of calêches, words can give but a faint impression. Of that barbarous vehicle, a genuine Maltese calêche, a drawing conveys an inadequate idea; the springs seem to sway *ad libitum*, and the body to be suspended aloft in "caller" air. In this Purgatorial machine we proceeded to Valetta, a clean, white, bright-looking, handsome town, and obtained apartments not far from the palace. In these quarters our peace was nightly invaded by countless myriads of mosquitoes; their attacks on strangers are merciless, but they seem to entertain a feeling of com-

miseration towards residents, and reserve all their venom for birds of passage. With the dawn of day at Valetta begins a strife among the bells of all the churches far and near, unrivalled, I should think, in any quarter of the globe ; and continues, with very brief intervals of repose, even after the lengthened shades of evening indicate the beauty of rest. If noise is one of the elements of devotion, great indeed must be the piety of the Roman Catholic population, and laudable the energies of the bell-ringers, who seem to defy all weakness of the flesh. The churches at Valetta are more remarkable for their solidity than the beauty of their architecture ; and the interior, even of St. John's, the most celebrated in the island, much lauded in guide books, and reverently contemplated by admiring natives, has comparatively little to attract any traveller whose taste for the sublime and beautiful has been cultivated and refined at Rome. Some of the ancient palaces of the Knights Templar are superb ; the masonry seems of such gigantic strength as to baffle all the destructive efforts of human genius, and even the great spoiler, Time. Some of these magnificent buildings are now converted into barracks for officers and men of the regiments successively stationed at Malta ; the rest are variously

metamorphosed for public and private use, and very peaceable occupants have succeeded the mailed heroes of olden times. A girdle of ramparts surrounds Valetta, of great strength; and the fortifications have a most redoubtable aspect: the whole island seems as it were in battle array, and wears a menacing look of defiance.

The residence of the Governor, once the princely abode of the Grand Masters of the celebrated Order, is a spacious and handsome palace, in the Piazza San Giorgio; a fine open space beyond the principal street. The staircase is remarkable for perhaps the lowest stone steps ever built: this arrangement was made to enable the lazy knights of old to mount the long and winding ascent on horseback, and nothing can be better constructed for the accommodation of quadrupeds; but to two-legged animals it is most fatiguing, from the very lowness of the steps. The handsomest room in the palace is the tapestried chamber, containing some fine specimens of the Gobelins manufacture, illustrative of Scripture subjects. The armoury is admirably arranged: an interesting exhibition to all lovers of the formidable appurtenances of war; glittering coats of mail, well-worn casques, shields and spears that had evidently borne the brunt of many fearful contests, and deadly weapons of

destruction, gathered from all quarters of the globe; more than the writer would willingly enumerate, or the reader desire described. From the flag-staff adjoining the palace, there is a fine view of the islands of Malta and Gozo: nothing can exceed the barrenness of their appearance; no verdant hills and valleys, no rich pasture land, no wealth of flowers, cultivated or wild, and few trees or shrubs to rest the eye, wearied with the intense glare reflected from the white stone buildings and chalky soil. Here and there, at long intervals, an oasis in the desert may be found, but the general aspect is a dreary barrenness.

The Florian gardens, the evening resort of the "beau monde" at Valetta, have more the appearance of a well-arranged cemetery than a fashionable promenade; and the exhibition of flowers is probably unrivalled in poverty.

The Botanical gardens are still more destitute of such decorations as the name indicates; and are on the most miniature scale possible: their fragrance is not wasted on the desert air, for none seems to exhale from the few plants to be met with there. One of the most agreeable drives from Valetta is to St. Antonio, a country residence of the Governor. The house and gardens are small, the latter much neglected: the vineries yield matchless

grapes, especially Muscadelle, excelling in their peculiar richness and fine perfumed flavour any I ever tasted. Pietà and Selima are much patronised by the inhabitants: the former a nice crescent of houses, and the constant resort of bathers of all ages and sizes. For an exhilarating sea-breeze commend me to sweet Selima, another pleasant drive in the environs of Valetta. Among the walks, the Baracca, enlivened by a band of music, seems most *à la mode*, and possesses, besides this desideratum, an extensive view, and of sweet fresh air as much as the most ardent lover of that element would desire to inhale.

The Protestant cemetery is a tranquil, and will be a very pretty, resting-place for the dead, when the trees and shrubs, newly planted, have attained their "perfect stature." Queen Adelaide's Church, when completed, will be a very handsome building.

Pedestrians in Valetta have a labour, not altogether of love, in the unusually steep ascent and descent of streets almost perpendicular in their construction, with the disagreeable peculiarity of paved steps, such as never weary the feet at home, in "old England."

The Maltese have a very Spanish air, and the costume of the women is peculiarly becoming to

the island brunettes, with their roguish sparkling black eyes. The "faldette" of black silk, thrown over the head, and descending to the waist, is worn with a very coquettish air; and, in addition to this, a petticoat of the same material over the dress. The general aspect of the men is very ferocious, of the bandit cast; something that savours of the stiletto, or other pointed evidence of strife and daring.

There is a fine Government library, open to general subscription, and an excellent Club House, conducted on the most liberal principles. Cafés are plentiful and good, restaurants less numerous: the charges at both are very moderate. The Circulating Library, adjoining the Piazza San Giorgio, is the great focus of attraction for newsmongers and time-killers, wholesale and retail scandal-mongers, gossips of all stages, in the bud, the blossom, and the fruit. It is the fountain-head of all information, political, critical, nautical, ecclesiastical, historical, and geographical. The supply of food for the mind is sufficient to satisfy even the voracious appetite of the day; from the lover of utilitarianism and sound common sense, to the wildest enthusiast, or "romanticist," as Lady Morgan would say, bent on elevating the "moral pyramid" of the

human mind, till the very foundation shakes under the weight of the superstructure.

The present Governor, his lady and family, are deservedly popular, and exercise the most princely hospitality, combining foreign taste and English plenty: the courtesy and refined good breeding of His Excellency and lady, and the beauty and intelligence of their daughters, give a charm to their intercourse with strangers and residents which is highly and universally appreciated.

The Lazaretto at Malta is a large building, on a peninsula, which juts out into the small harbour called Quarantine harbour, to the west of Valetta: an extensive area is enclosed; and opposite the Lazaretto is the Sanatorio, or Health office; beneath this, the Parlatorio, where, under certain restrictions, communication is permitted with individuals under quarantine on board ship.

In the Parlatorio are standing shops, to which a variety of specimens of Maltese manufacture are sent for sale: gold ornaments, of every description, beautifully worked; delicate silver filagree, executed with as much skill and taste as at Genoa; rich lace, and the finest mittens of Maltese fabric, millions of which are annually exported.

Some of the apartments in the Lazaretto are

very lofty and airy: as much furniture as is requisite, during the temporary imprisonment of travellers, can be hired; and indifferent fare procured from a restaurant within the building.

The regulations of the establishment are said to be particularly good, and great civility and attention are shown to strangers.

The houses at Valetta are all of solid stone, with terraced roofs; the staircases and floors are of the same material. The lower stories are appropriated for shops or dwellings by the people.

During the invasion of the French every thing of value was plundered, with the exception of the silver gate of St. John's Church; and this escaped through the ingenuity of the Maltese, who painted it black.

The island is celebrated for its fine fruit and vegetables. Poultry is good and plentiful; and at times, abundance of wild fowl may be procured. Butter, being chiefly imported from England, is extremely dear; none that is really good can be obtained under half-a-crown a pound. Goats' milk is generally preferred to that of the cows at Malta, the latter not being very rich.

Excellent bread *à l'Anglaise* is procurable at Valetta, but that which is commonly used by the islanders is coarse and acid.

Water is supplied by an aqueduct nearly a mile long; and rain water is carefully preserved, as fresh is frequently scarce.

The visitor at Malta cannot but feel surprised to observe that handsome monuments are erected to perpetuate the memory of various Governors, while a plain stone alone covers the remains of the Marquis of Hastings, without even the initial letters of his name, once so highly honoured and distinguished. Though a general favourite in the island — a man whose character was as noble as his lineage was patrician,—not a word is inscribed on the humble slab that marks his last resting place.

CHAPTER II.

MALTA. — ALEXANDRIA. — CAIRO.

FROM Malta we proceeded in a French government steamer to Syra. The commander of the vessel was a curious contrast in manner to his compatriots in general: frigid as winter at the North pole; dismal as London in a November fog; clad in a suit of most impenetrable buckram; an evident enemy to the social principle, and shunning all interchange of thought with those around him, as if an idea imparted was a diamond lost. A motley company of Germans, Swiss, and French, whose appearance indicated a sovereign contempt for the cleansing properties of water, were our fellow-passengers. None of the privileged "first class" but ourselves, for whom the fat stewardess reserved her sweetest smiles, hoping, with gracious looks, winning ways (and large donations of hot water), to merit a handsome silvery acknowledgment at parting.

On the morning of the third day we saw the Morea, and anchored off Syra on the 1st of Sep-

tember. The sea was calm as a lake on a summer's day; gentle as the breath of a sleeping infant; of the deepest and most transparent blue; and the sky a cloudless expanse, of the same matchless tint.

Boats laden with Oriental fruits surrounded the vessel immediately on our arrival; and the Greek venders and boatmen were as worthy of a residence in Babel as the Maltese who greeted us on our landing at Valetta. The appearance of Syra from the sea is very picturesque; the town completely covers one conical hill and the rising ground on each side; the houses are flat-roofed, and look like white marble in the distance. Those, however, whose love of exploring all the novelties of foreign lands triumphed over their fear of being dissolved by the fervent heat of a Mediterranean sun, returned from their inspection of the town with direful complaints of glare, dust and dirt, deafening noise, and all that could quench the ardour of the most adventurous travellers. Every distant vision and dream of beauty vanished "like the morning cloud and the early dew;" and the reality might have proved a test even to the happy philosophy of Diogenes.

Several small ships were building when we arrived at Syra, and the harbour looked gay and

lively. The Lazaretto is a neat building as seen from the sea, and the quarantine there lasts only nine days, provided the passengers consent to the following anti-pestilential measures; viz. the immediate dismissal of old, and purchase of new garments, and plunging into a bath without delay.

We remained a few hours at Syra, and then engaged a passage on board another French government steamer to Alexandria. Hosts of Arabs and Turks were bound to the same port, some very fine-looking men: one of the most remarkable, who seemed to think the earth scarce worthy the tread of his sacred feet, was an illustrious luminary of the East, yclept the "Mufti of Mecca;" a cargo of solid, substantial flesh, sufficient to overwhelm a weaker descendant of Adam: this precious burden, enveloped in ample folds of costly cloth, and decorated with goodly furs, was basking in the sunshine from the rising to the setting of that glorious light, and smoking and sleeping the livelong day. A few female slaves were among the passengers; beauties cast in a mould of the darkest bronze, their charms partially veiled from the inquiring eyes of Europeans.

We passed the large island of Candia, belong-

ing to the Turks, the day of our departure from Syra; and the following morning were favoured with brilliant sunshine and a favourable breeze. We saw no land during the second day's progress, and on the morning of the third reached the harbour of Alexandria. The great difficulty, on arriving at the renowned port of Alexandria, is to see it. First, a host of windmills appear, on a long, low sand-bank, the site of the ancient Necropolis. Secondly, a low fort. Thirdly, the palace and harem of the pacha; and, when you land, you see the town. The harbour has a very animated appearance, filled with ships from all parts of the world. No description could convey a just idea of the fearful noise on landing; the disturbance at Malta was faint in comparison. Hotel servants, screaming forth the comforts and advantages of their respective houses; boatmen, donkey drivers, baggage porters, quarrelling and vociferating in every living language; the most distracting war of words, occasionally rendered more emphatic by a vigorous blow skilfully administered, for the mutual edification of the belligerent powers.

Through the dirty, narrow, crowded streets of the bazaar, the traveller is ushered into a large, open, handsome square, in which are the principal

hotels, and residences of Consuls of various nations. Several of these have spiral staircases, tastefully constructed, rising above the roof, from which vessels can be distinguished at a great distance. The square is thronged with people, morning and evening. Men of business, monthly mail passengers, curiosity hunters, sight seers, news' collectors, noble, humble, gentle, and simple; and woman-kind, in every variety of grotesque costume: generally speaking, the latter are more than ugly, hideous in the extreme. The greater number wear a silk or thread net over the bridge of the nose, fastened to each side of the head, and descending, in the shape of a jelly-bag, below the knees. Some, clad in white garments from head to foot, look as if they were shrouded already for the grave. Others, of higher rank, wear graceful flowing draperies of silk: the Levantine ladies, when mounted on donkeys, ride through the streets, in a most extraordinary attitude, sitting astride, holding up their arms, almost to a level with the top of the head, to support the weighty folds of silk that fall over the head and shoulders, descending nearly to the feet. They ride with stirrups, but resign the reins to a servant.

The dragoman we engaged during our stay

in Alexandria was one of Lord Byron's favourite servants in Greece; and declared that the great poet died in his arms: he was an intelligent, good-looking Albanian, dressed in the picturesque costume of his country.

We visited the Pacha's palace, on the sea shore: the interior is very handsome, the rooms lofty, and decorations rich; containing beautiful specimens of Sevres porcelain, superb damask hangings and ottomans, and a magnificent mosaic table, the gift of His Holiness of the worshipful toe, with the name of Mehemet Ali on a tablet of glittering diamonds.

On our way from "Pompey's stately Pillar" to the beautiful obelisk called Cleopatra's Needle, we walked through an Arab village, exceeding in abject misery any powers of imagination or description. But men, women, and children, with barely the fragment of a rag of clothing to cover their nakedness, were decked out with every variety of savage ornament.

Pompey's Pillar is a magnificent column, situated on a little hill, the surrounding country very barren, with the exception of gardens, fertile in luxuriant date trees. An adventurous young lady is said to have written a letter from

the top of the pillar, which was answered by some wag from the bottom of Joseph's Well.

The bazaars at Alexandria are good, and there are abundant indications of commercial prosperity.

Among the social relaxations of the residents, plays, concerts, balls, and gaming tables bear a very prominent part.

The naval arsenal and dockyard are described as among the most interesting sights of the city; the former, a magnificent establishment, brought to very great perfection in a short period of time. The dockyard is sufficiently spacious to admit of the erection of vessels of the largest class.

Towards the old part are the catacombs, which are about the distance of an hour's journey.

No palanquins are procurable in Alexandria, but carriages may be hired at the hotels, on unreasonable terms. We visited the garden of a rich Armenian merchant, at a short distance from the town, very tastefully arranged; the date trees burdened with fruit, and the orange and citron trees yielding the sweetest perfume.

One of the plagues of ancient days yet prevails, myriads of flies, which during the hot season are an unspeakable torment. The natives suffer them to congregate in the corner of their eyes, where a

nest is formed, and remains untouched: even children, following the evil example of their parents, are too indolent to raise a finger to remove them, and the most disgusting sores are generated. Hence blindness prevails to a fearful extent in Egypt: many of the peasants also purposely destroy an eye, or otherwise maim themselves, to escape conscription.

The three days of our sojourn at Alexandria were passed at the British Hotel, where we had a fine suite of lofty rooms, good attendance, and excellent fare; it is situated in the square before described, and resorted to by almost all the passengers from India.

We embarked at an early hour in a tiny steamer on the Mahmoudieh canal; the superintendent of the Egyptian Transit Company, his handsome wife, two little children, and a Levantine lady in full costume, were among the passengers.

"The canal of Mahmoudieh was commenced in 1819, and 313,000 individuals were constantly employed for ten months in its construction; and owing to want of care, bad food, and other causes, 23,000 perished during that period. The canal is about forty miles in length, and its width at Alfé is about two hundred feet. It supplies Alexandria with water, and irrigates the land on either side;

its surface for several months in the year being above the level of the adjacent country."

We reached Alfé in seven hours: this is dignified with the name of an Arab town, though the mud huts of the natives are such as an English pig would hardly condescend to occupy. The natives themselves look squalid and poverty-stricken, were clothed in rags, but adorned with jewels. The country around Alfé is well cultivated, but not picturesque. At this *soi-disant* town our sacred persons were transferred to a larger steamer than the snug little "Jack o' Lantern" in which we took our departure from Alexandria. We found the Nile full to overflowing, and a strong current against us. It is a grand, expansive, glorious river, but possesses the same muddy hue as the classic Tiber. The scenery on the banks is generally without interest: a few villages scattered here and there, now and then an ancient tomb visible, and a few date trees at intervals, looking like long *plumeaux*. There were no beds in the steamer; accordingly we slept on the floor of the cabin, passing a very tranquil night, unmolested by mosquitoes. At half-after 11 o' clock the following morning, we reached Boulac, the busy shipping suburb of Grand Cairo, which is very pretty as approached from the sea.

The appearance of Cairo is exceedingly picturesque: domes, towers, and countless minarets, a profusion of green trees, verdant groves and gardens, and an apparently endless variety of buildings, rising successively towards the citadel. Old Cairo is now little more than a village, but the new city is seven miles in circumference, connected with the suburb of Boulac by a handsome gravelled road: this leads to the Esbey Keyah, or grand square, where there are groves of beautiful sycamores, numerous palaces and ancient buildings, which, though dilapidated, have still much Oriental beauty. The Esbey Keyah is a very favourite resort for the fashionable and unfashionable residents in Cairo. Hosts of coffee-drinkers assemble under the refreshing shade of the noble trees, and legions of inveterate smokers profane the sweet breeze of evening with vapours most unblest. Other and more refined pedestrians are contented with a glass of unexciting lemonade.

The streets of Cairo are winding, dark, narrow, and unpaved; the upper stories of the houses, projecting considerably beyond the lower, meet those of the opposite side at the top. Frameworks of wood, often very richly carved, are substituted for glass windows. Many of the ancient buildings look as if they were only waiting the earliest opportunity to tumble down.

The city contains more than three hundred mosques, and their lofty minarets have a striking effect. The most celebrated are the El-azhur, or Mosque of Flowers, and the Mosque of Sultan Hassan. The outer gateway of the first leads to a marble-paved court, surrounded by a beautiful colonnade, and the roof is supported by many rows of marble pillars.

The Pacha's family burial-place is to the south of Grand Cairo; the cenotaphs and tombs are of the purest white marble, ornamented with Arabic and Persian inscriptions, in gold letters, and the floors are covered with rich Persian carpets.

The citadel is built on a lofty rock; the ascent very steep, between high walls, and remarkable for the fearful slaughter of the unfortunate Mamelukes. The palace is a very plain, unpretending looking building. The grand hall of audience is paved with large marble slabs, the windows are of plate glass, and the furniture of the side rooms of rich brocade. The drawing-room usually occupied by the Pacha is finely matted, and furnished on three sides with a divan. From the terrace of the palace the view is most extensive and magnificent.

The famous Well of Joseph (a vizier so named)

is cut in the solid rock to a depth of 270 feet, and this the curious take a world of trouble to descend, though the only gratification that awaits them on arriving at the bottom is their proximity to muddy water. Our imaginations being peculiarly vivid, we were contented with picturing this from the top.

A superb avenue of Mimosa trees leads from Grand Cairo to the Pacha's palace at Shoubra, which is situated in extensive gardens, very delightful in spite of their formality. The alleys are formed of coloured pebbles, embedded in cement, and disposed as mosaics. Flowering shrubs fill the air with fragrance, and lemon, orange, citron, and pomegranate trees, abound. Ibrahim Pacha has charming gardens on Rhoda Island, arranged in the English style, and cultivated by a very skilful gardener from Scotland. The sun was setting as we left the gardens, and gilding the pyramids with glorious light.

We inspected the Cavalry school at Gizeh, which is considered one of the best establishments in Egypt. The palace of a deceased Pacha is appropriated for this institution. The students are under the care of experienced European instructors, besides native professors, and are trained according to the French system. These

embryo soldiers had any thing but a military air. They were clad in loose, dirty trowsers, some wore boots, others slippers, and some exhibited bare feet.

A school for Infantry is situated at Kanka, also one for Engineers, and there is an Artillery school at Toura, five miles from Cairo. Besides these there are excellent schools for medical, nautical, and agricultural instruction.

Nota bene. The most intelligent and fleet-footed asses in the world are those that are met with in Egypt; and though of diminutive appearance, they bear the heaviest burthens with great ease.

Our second drive to Shoubra, for the presentation of a gentleman of our party to Mehemet Ali, was most delightful; the Syce (or running footman) bearing a flaming torch, illuminating the branches of the beautiful Mimosa trees with vivid light; the heavens were radiant with bright stars, and the freshness of the night breeze was most reviving after the great heat of the day.

The Pacha is an enemy to all state, dresses plainly, lives moderately, and sleeps little. He looks old and withered; very different from the Mehemet Ali exhibited to the public in miniatures and engravings. No courtiers or nobles

were around him during the presentation; only three or four soldiers as guards.

Almost all the English who pass a few days at Cairo have "special invitations" to visit the private museum of an English doctor resident there. We were among the privileged, and saw what he firmly believes to be a genuine ring of the gigantic Cheops, who built the first pyramid in Egypt; a similar decoration of King Pharaoh's; also the necklace of the first Egyptian queen, and other invaluable antiquities; numerous petrifactions, fossil shells, &c., in collecting which the worthy doctor has spent much precious time and money.

We passed eight days at Cairo in the British Hotel, next door to the office of the Transit Company, where we had good rooms, indifferent fare and attendance, at 8*s.* a-head; servants and children half price.

The day before our departure we visited Le Grand Hôtel d'Orient, and found it greatly superior to the British Hotel; the situation delightful, commanding a fine view of the distant pyramids and the gay Esbey Keyah, already described. Nothing could exceed the cleanliness of the apartments; the salon was tastefully fitted up, possessing, among other luxuries, a good

piano. The charge for board and lodging was the same as at the British Hotel.

The climate in Egypt seems subject to great transitions; the mornings and evenings are cold, and the heat of the sun during the day is generally oppressive.

Cairo is remarkable for its cleanliness: each housekeeper is held responsible that the space in front of his own dwelling shall be swept three times a-day; and four hundred public carts are kept to remove all the rubbish there collected.

The bazars have a rich display of Oriental manufactures; a variety of most beguiling fancy articles; glittering chains and purses; bags of brilliant hue; slippers most elaborately embroidered; scarfs of bewitching design and material; costly silks, and muslins of the finest fabric. From day-dawn till nightfall the bazars are thronged with crowds of naked negroes, dirty Arabs, fierce Arnouts, lazy Turks, wild Albanians, swarms of donkeys, Pariah dogs, screaming children, women quarrelling, and men ditto: the din and confusion are utterly indescribable.

In driving through part of Old Cairo we saw a number of slaves of both sexes exposed for sale: not a tearful eye or a melancholy look was discernible among the number; fat, sleek, shining,

and greasy; the whole seemed contented and happy.

The tombs of the khaliffs, situated to the eastward of the city, have magnificent domes, spacious areas, and lofty minarets; many are mouldering into ruin, but beautiful in their decay, and visited with reverence by the Faithful.

About two dozen factories have been established in Egypt by the energetic and zealous Pacha, notwithstanding a war of opposition by Turks in office. Among the most useful are the manufactories for cloth, calico, cotton, silk, rope, &c. &c. &c., and the iron foundery, said to be one of the finest in the world. The principal storehouses, factories, &c., are at Boulak.

The revenue of Egypt in favourable years is about twenty millions of dollars; at other times fifteen is the extreme. The principal source of the revenue is the land-tax, which is said to amount to nearly a million and a half pounds sterling; and eight hundred and fifty thousand pounds is produced by the customs, excise, and capitation tax. The Copts are the chief collectors of the revenue.

Cotton forms a very important part of the commerce of Egypt: though formerly only known as an ornamental shrub, its value was soon learned by the Pacha, and its cultivation continued on a very extensive scale.

The sugar-cane is grown to a considerable extent in Upper Egypt, and found to be very p oductive.

Ibrahim Pacha introduced the olive tree, which has been very successfully cultivated. On returning from a voyage to the Morea, he caused the immense mounds of rubbish in the vicinity of Cai to be removed: some of these, which had accumulated for years, are said to have exceeded seventy feet in height; a space of six square mi' s was levelled, and covered with olive trees.

The same enterprising Pacha also introduced the teak and mango trees from India: the former grew rapidly, as in a genial soil; but only one mango tree is said to have survived, in Mehemet Ali's garden at Shoubra Experiments were frequently made also with the coffee plant, but unattended with success.

Pine-apples thrive in the garden of Ibrahim Pacha on Rhoda Island, which chiefly belongs to His Highness, and is very deserving of a visit. It is opposite Old Cairo, and about a league in circumference.

In the village of Gizeh, *en route* to the Pyramids, the lovers of the curious may be gratified with a sight of the far-famed ovens for hatching

chickens. These are described as consisting of "small chambers or cells, arranged on either side of a long passage, into which they open, the doorways being closed with mats; a multitude of eggs may be observed in different stages of forwardness, on which a heated atmosphere performs the office of a hen. The chickens, on issuing from the shell, are removed into the passage, which is divided into compartments; whence, after a few days, they are transferred to cooler quarters. Here many thousand chickens may be seen, not more than a day or two old, chirping, and nestling together. The cells are heated by fires in lower apartments, whence the heat is communicated through tubes in the floor. Chickens are hatched in this manner throughout Egypt; but the Pacha's establishment is capable of hatching a hundred thousand. The time occupied in the process is generally twenty-one days; and the chickens are sold as soon as they are strong enough to live in the natural atmosphere."

The suffocating heat of these abodes of chickens, in and out of embryo, prevented our inspecting them, much to our regret, and doubtless to the lasting sorrow of the reader of this remarkable work.

An unwelcome inundation of the Nile rendered

the road to the Pyramids utterly impassable during our sojourn at Grand Cairo; and great is the loss to the reading and reflecting public of the valuable observations and eloquent descriptions our projected visit would have elicited, had kind fate permitted its accomplishment.

We were much struck with the appearance of the Pacha's splendid ships: English naval officers, however, are said to be of opinion that, from the haste with which the vessels are constructed, and the insufficiency of the crews, they are not well adapted to warlike purposes.

The Pacha has paid particular attention to the important subject of public education, and especially to the training of his troops. Many thousand youths receive food and instruction in the institutions endowed by Mehemet Ali. His school of music has been one of the most successful; the Arabs, from all accounts, having a natural taste for the science, have acquired sufficient skill to execute very difficult European compositions.

CHAP. III.

THE DESERT.—SUEZ.—RED SEA.—BOMBAY.

We left Cairo in a small desert van, engaging the four places therein for our own accommodation, and fortunately were enabled to secure the services of the best European driver at that time employed by the Transit Company. He curbed the spirit of four wild Arab horses with great skill, and was remarkably attentive and obliging. We arrived at Station No. 2. in two hours and a half, a distance of twenty miles. The throats of three more than half-starved chickens were immediately cut, in honour of our arrival, and a scanty supply of bad potatoes boiled; impenetrable sea-biscuits were substituted for bread, which were only eatable when steeped in hot water. The drinking water was most repulsive in appearance and taste.

The beds were dirty, and consisted of one mattress over a hard board. Pillows were considered a superfluous luxury; and some reluct-

ance was manifested to indulge us with sheets. No. 2., in addition to stables and kitchen, has four small rooms for refection and sleeping, partly fitted up with divans.

At seven o'clock the following morning we started for station No. 4., twenty miles distant, and reached it at eleven. We remained at this, the centre station, nearly three hours. It is very superior to the other resting-places in the Desert, and possesses seven small apartments, as neatly arranged as any sleeping-room in the hotel at Cairo; there are also dining and drawing-rooms. The breakfast consisted of fresh-killed tough chickens and bad water. At half-past one we arrived at the sixth station, twenty miles from No. 4. The beds here were a second edition of those at No. 2., with the addition of bugs in abundance, and swarms of mosquitoes: and the water worse than before, equally offensive to the organs of smell and taste. As usual, skeleton chickens were provided for our repast, to the great discomfort of the inner man. After sleeping at No. 6. we re-commenced our journey the following morning. Suez was distant twenty-four miles, and these were accomplished in four hours and a half.

Only two small trees are to be met with in the

Desert — a space of 84 miles — one of which is decorated with, and consecrated to, the rags of the pious pilgrims who cross the sandy and rocky waste over which we passed; they *en route* to Mecca, we to a less holy shrine. The tree is thickly covered with pendent fragments of the well-worn garments of countless pilgrims, deposited there in memory of their desert journey.

The only remarkable sights *en route* are numerous skeletons of camels bleaching in the sun, and occasional heaps of stones, covering the remains of the wild warriors of the Desert, who have perished in battle; a few weeds scattered here and there; barren rocks in the distance, and a vast plain of sand. The mirage was beautiful; sometimes assuming the appearance of a harbour, at others of a lake, reflecting various objects in the vicinity on its surface. At night the profound and solemn stillness was only broken by the occasional sound of the cricket. We encountered a party of armed Bedouins on the third day's journey, a fine-looking set of powerful men: thanks to the Pacha they are no longer seen with dread by the traveller in the Desert.

The camels that bear the boxes containing the Indian mail, and those that are laden with the baggage of the passengers, are never unloaded

between Cairo and Suez; a short halt at the station houses, and a trifling supply of food, is all their kind masters vouchsafe to these hard-worked animals.

The horses employed in the transit vans are very badly broken in, sometimes quite ungovernable, and are evidently over-worked and ill-fed; small, thin, wretched looking animals, but fiery and fleet-footed: they are purchased at about 10*l.* each; and two hundred and fifty were in the stables of the Transit Company when we were at Cairo. They are fed on beans, barley, and chaff, no hay being procurable in Egypt. One hundred camels were in use, and thirty or more vans, for the conveyance of passengers. These are little better than English carts, covered with wax cloth—the roughest conveyance over the hardest road in the world.

Part of the desert track—for road, properly speaking, there is none—is sandy; the largest portion hard, rocky, and stony.

The only living animals we saw were the horses and camels belonging to the party of Bedouins we met. Rats are occasionally seen feasting on the carcases of camels that perish by the way; and the skeletons of these unfortunate

animals act as directing posts, and indicate the line of march to the traveller.

Of the feathered inhabitants of the air not one crossed our path during the whole journey. The solemn death-like stillness that prevailed during the two nights we passed in the Desert was almost oppressive.

The mornings and evenings were cold as winter days at home; the air keen, dry, and bracing. The sharpness of the atmosphere ceases about mid-day; but even in the sunshine it is needful to wear warm clothing. The glare is intense; and thick green veils, and spectacles of the same colour, are resorted to by all passengers anxious to preserve their eyes from every noxious influence.

Occasionally travellers may be seen crossing the Desert on dromedaries; but these and donkey chairs are not now so much in vogue as during the earlier days of the overland journey.

Of Suez, where we passed one week, awaiting the arrival of the Bombay steamer, any description must fall far short of the reality. A few miserable houses crowded together, forming a square; a narrow bazar, swarming with swarthy natives; and the two inns, rivals in wretchedness of accommodation within and po-

verty of appearance without—like a couple of old barns in the last stage of decay. And the water, the bread, the fare in general, for which twelve shillings per diem is paid; in truth everything, was superlatively bad.

Whether approached by land or sea, the appearance of Suez is equally uninviting; surrounded by a vast expanse of sand: not a sign of vegetation far or near.

The enterprising Pacha is erecting a fine building on the sea-shore, which will be a handsome extensive hotel. At Waghorn & Hill's hotels there are very few bed-rooms; and the divan of the dining-room is frequently resorted to by such luckless passengers as can obtain no better accommodation for the night.

The Christian inhabitants of Suez, not more than forty in number, have a priest of their own, and a place of worship.

As a port, Suez labours under many disadvantages, being situated at the extremity of a narrow sea; down this the wind blows with great violence for nine months in the year. The steamers anchor at some distance, and wretched boats are used for the conveyance of passengers and luggage from the hotel to the vessel; they are generally two hours in reaching their desti-

nation, sometimes more when winds and waves are unpropitious.

The traffic carried on between Suez and Jedda is not very considerable. The former, it is said, was formerly of importance, but the principal buildings are in ruins.

A good supply of dates, grain, and figs may be seen in the market; but meat and fish are scarce. Vegetables and fruit cannot be procured nearer than Cairo. Suez is utterly destitute of fresh water, that which is brought from a well two or three miles distant being hardly fit for the use of cattle.

The surrounding country is barren and desolate to a degree; little else than a bed of rock and stone, with a slight surface of sand. These are the only comments that are to be met with in the *vade mecum* descriptions of Suez.

After passing seven days at Suez we went on board the Bombay mail steamer. It was crowded with much of human and animal life, and countless things inanimate, and largely supplied with means for mortifying the flesh and deranging the good order and economy of the inner man; the commander possessing but an infinitesimal portion of the milk and honey of human kindness. A dashing young surgeon, for whom music and

the sister arts, poetry and painting, had greater charms than the anatomy of the body, or the administration of medicinal herbs. Of Lieutenants Nos. 1. and 2., and other naval *et ceteras*, no mention need be made. The passengers, amounting to double the number lawful in such space, or rather absence of space, as their present narrow fold, came from all parts of the three kingdoms. There were three damsels still entitled to the virgin snood: one "fat, fair, and forty:" another in the "sere and yellow leaf:" and last, as well as least in form, one worthy to retain her "single blessedness" for ever and a day: but such is man's craving for the sweets of wedded life, that even these, with forlorn hope inscribed on every wrinkle, had each made captive a gallant knight, and were then *en route* to *l'isola bella* of Hymen!

Three was a magic number on board the steam prison. A triumvirate of brides were daring the perils of the deep with their favoured Benedicts, edifying the passengers in general with a daily exhibition of the art of cooing and wooing in all its branches and various moods and degrees.

Three fair daughters of Eve appeared in that suffering condition which our immortal bard, in

the bliss of ignorance, terms "the pleasing punishment that women bear."

Three happy wives were *en route* to their expectant lords, and twice three happier still in the presence of their devoted *sposo's ;* and three fair lassies, rich in the bloom of girlhood's beauty, sheltered under the protecting wings of elderly *chaperones,* were bound for the great matrimonial mart of the East.

Three eligible bachelors, full of buoyant hope and youthful expectation, were journeying to the El-dorado of their separate dreams; and three, in the evening hour of life, forsaking the joys of wedded and filial love, to wander afar in search of gold.

Of the fare which the happy community on board enjoyed, a brief description might amuse the reader more than the reality pleased the passenger. Fowls, that looked as if they had departed this life in the last stage of atrophy; turkeys, which evidently had not lived on the fat of the land; and instead of that "pretty-looking mutton, on which the soul of Peter Pindar could turn glutton," the most ancient patriarchs of the flock were provided for our sustenance; nor could they, under the form of hash, stew, harico, or ragout, be converted into "savoury meat." Im-

penetrable biscuits, with dry fragments of old rusks (which, from their antiquity, had doubtless undergone a previous voyage round the world), were our substitutes for the staff of life. Wine and beer were given *à discretion*; and for such thirsty souls as those on board our vessel, the Heidelburg Tun would hardly have furnished too generous a supply. Of the broths manufactured for the sick (*alias* hot water plentifully supplied with grease); of the infusion of senna and snuff dignified with the name of tea; and other cordials prepared for weak stomachs, the journalist would record a grateful remembrance.

The floor of the saloon at night was thickly strewed with dark, dirty, dingy Portuguese servants, and natives of the East, extended full length in every direction; and not one step could be taken without treading on their mahogany arms or legs. Some of the cabins were untenantable from suffocating heat; and two or three lady sufferers were thankful to share the saloon table (a bed of down in a garden of roses), sleeping with their heads directly under the windsail. During the day also the atmosphere was such as might be anticipated in the regions of Pluto; and this was the plea for an infringement of decorum, rare even on board a steamer, where a

sans façon style always prevails. Some of the modest wives and mothers of England seemed to perform the duties of the toilet entirely for the edification of the public; and, with the door and window of their cabins open, initiated passengers of both sexes into the mysteries of their morning ablutions, hair-dressing, corset-lacing, &c. Even English propriety, pre-eminent everywhere, dissolved under the fervent heat encountered on the Red Sea. With three hundred living souls on board a vessel small for the accommodation of half that number, the boiler out of repair, a chimney continually on fire, the keel worn out, and the most ungracious captain that ever commanded "a skimmer of the seas," our powers of endurance were heavily taxed. Nearly half-way between Suez and the port to which we were bound, a stormy wind arose, and continued without intermission four days and nights, during which time the dead-lights were up, and the vessel bounding like a water-witch on the foaming waves—pitching, rolling, rocking, swaying—and every hapless passenger on board a prey to the Demon of Unrest. Even the sight of Aden was welcome after our imprisonment, though from the sea it appears only a dry and arid rock "in a barren and thirsty land." The bungalows are very fra-

gile erections, and the hotel looks like a temporary barn.

After a long and weary passage from Aden, we reached Bombay. I have heard the bay of Bombay compared to that of Naples; and beautiful it undoubtedly is, with its surrounding group of islands. But the commanding position of Naples, with its glittering white palaces and buildings, looking like a city of marble; the grandeur of Vesuvius, and beauty of Ischia and Capri, to these even the loveliness of its Oriental rival must yield, and Bella Napoli remain the matchless queen of the southern seas. The shipping which animates the Bay of Bombay—every variety of craft, from the dignity of men-of-war down to the humble pattymar, is one point of attraction very strongly insisted on, which, if it existed in the Bay of Naples, would in my humble judgment divest it of its peculiar charm, the perfect tranquillity of its repose; a sort of holy calm, as if the Spirit of the Deep were breathless with adoration!

The island on which the Eastern Presidency is situated is low, and very little of the town itself is visible from the harbour: the first *coup-d'œil* on landing is not striking; there is none of the splendour that distinguishes the seat of Supreme

Government. Some of the houses within the port have a handsome appearance as seen from the esplanade, which, with its innumerable tents, is a very gay scene,—the favoured haunt of the beau monde for an evening drive, especially when enlivened by the garrison band: this, though ostensibly the magnet that attracts the multitude, rarely occasions a pause in the current of conversation, flirtation, scandal, or other potent spell, which causes the general indifference exhibited to the charms of melody.

Beyond the line of pavilions temporary bungalows are erected; and some of these are very tastefully arranged. As soon as the cold season approaches, the migration of town residents begins, and the esplanade swarms with lovers of sea-breezes. A very fine statue of Lord Cornwallis is erected near the principal gate of entrance to the fort. To shield this valuable sculpture from the inclemency of the weather, it is more than half concealed by the "chopper," or thatch of straw and bamboos.

The Town Hall is a noble building, containing three beautiful specimens of modern sculpture,— the statues of Sir John Malcolm, Mr. Elphinstone, and Sir George Forbes. The Ball Room in this spacious building is superb; but

requires, from its extraordinary dimensions, such floods of light, that it is rarely used for any nocturnal entertainment.

The Library is magnificent, and seems sufficiently stored with intellectual supplies to satisfy the craving appetites of all the book-worms in the three presidencies. Of the Museum, and its interesting illustrations of natural history, specimens of mineralogy, conchology, ichthyology, fossil remains, anatomical curiosities, and armorial and other antiquities, the learned only can give an adequate description.

The Mint is well worthy of a morning visit, and seems admirably managed.

There is no architectural beauty in the Cathedral or other churches on the island. In the former were many monuments, erected by inconsolable husbands and wives to departed conjugal excellence; and "very remarkable it is," said the old Bombay resident who pointed out these marble records of undying love, "'how rapidly the *soi-disant* incurables have found a balm for their sorrow!"—a living influence, stronger than any bond of union with the dead!

The Bazar is a scene of noise and bustle, beginning early and ending late. It is thickly populated with natives of all lands. The houses

are very irregular: some belonging to rich natives, elaborate in their decoration, painted bright green, glaring red, or gay canary colour. The goods open to view are not very tempting to European eyes. The confectioners display an infinite variety of sweets, endurable only to the uncivilised taste of the inhabitants. The jewellers dazzle their ebony customers with nose-rings, ear-rings, armlets, and anklets of the most gaudy hues and barbarous dimensions: and the cloth-venders exhibit, in their front store, sundry faded rolls of foreign manufacture. To describe the *omnium gatherum* which fills the remaining shops would require a more able pen. The Parsees seem to infest the town like an army of locusts wherever you turn: they are united by a strong feeling of clanship, rich, roguish, civil, and discreet, in the management of their mundane affairs, as the scattered tribes of Israel; bigoted in their adherence to the doctrines of Zoroaster, and powerful and opulent beyond any class in Bombay.

A very pretty Hospital is being constructed on the Byculla road, towards which that munificent and illustrious knight Sir Jemsetjee Jejeboy has contributed one lac of rupees, and government two. Adjoining this is the Grant College, for

the instruction of native youth of the rising generation and after ages.

In the same compound with the Byculla church are two very excellent schools, where, after attaining a certain age (about seventeen or eighteen), the male pupils are apprenticed to various trades, and the females marry, or obtain situations as servants.

The Byculla Club is a neat-looking building, and convenient as a liberty-hall for the bachelor visiters at Bombay.

The Botanical Gardens are not extensive; but very tastefully arranged, prettily situated, and sometimes, when brilliantly illuminated for a *soirée dansante,* look like a scene in fairy land.

There are beautiful drives, on roads that would charm M'Adam himself, in the neighbourhood of Bombay; and the luxuriant palm, date, and cocoa-nut trees, abounding in all parts of the island, give it a very picturesque Oriental appearance. The Governor's residence, about three miles from the fort, is a very lordly mansion, and the ground surrounding it has a park-like English look.

Bombay is justly celebrated for its fine dockyard, the abundance and excellence of its fish,

the superior quality of its mangoes, the grandeur of its pummalos, and delicious custard apples.

For beautiful specimens of ivory, inlaid with silver mosaic, made into the most captivating work-boxes, elegant baskets, and seducing little nicknacks of all shapes and sizes and for every variety of purpose, the fame of Bombay has spread far and wide.

Of the climate, residents only can give a faithful account; to the writer it appeared most oppressive during the autumnal months.

Of the society those alone who have had long experience can give a just description. I have heard railing accusations against the residents of Bombay, for utter neglect of the duties of hospitality; for the love of scandal in the community; for petty jealousy on the subject of rank and precedence, &c. &c. Of this I saw no evidence myself; but, as a bird of passage, I gratefully record my personal experience of the most hospitable and friendly reception, cordial and genuine kindness, and perfectly unexceptionable society.

CHAP. IV.

JOURNEY FROM BOMBAY THROUGH GUZZERAT AND RAJPOOTANA, TO DELHI.

We left Bombay in a small steamer bound for Surat, well laden with live stock, a cargo of merchandise of various kinds, and a legion of Hindoos and Mussulmen, whose mode of blunting the keen edge of appetite was little better to us than an invitation to the *mal de mer;* chewing pawn and betel nut, and smoking hookahs from the dawn of day till nightfall. At the bar of Surat a change in our mode of travelling awaited us. In fear and trembling the womankind of the party were "hoisted in" by a chair, to which the same strong ropes and pulleys were attached, which had previously been used for the transmission of Arab chargers, a variety of smaller quadrupeds, and a caravan load of baggage and supplies, to the Noah's Ark in which we were to brave the perils of the Gulf of Cambay during the spring tides. The cabin of the said vessel, alias pattimar, was sufficiently spacious and comfortable. The first night

our progress was impeded by a contrary wind; the second our bark rolled in the most merciless way; and the rush of the flood tides was terrific to the uninitiated in the mysteries of the gulf. On the morning of the 22nd we arrived at Cambay, which is pretty as seen from the sea; to the westward of the town are the ruins of an ancient castle and gateway; and to the eastward, a native building of some pretensions to architectural taste and beauty. The Factory house, or bungalow appropriated by the honourable East India Company to the accommodation of travellers, is as comfortable as such resting-places usually prove in the East, where bare walls, stone or mud floors, a table, two chairs, and a hard bed, form the general amount of luxuries prepared for the wayworn traveller.

The cavalcade which started from the bungalow by torchlight, on the 24th of ——, consisted of an abigail in a palankeen, with twelve attendant bearers of most dusky hue; five bullock hackeries, or carts, laden with heavy baggage; seven camels, bearing tents, beds, and culinary apparatus; a guard, consisting of a corporal and six soldiers; and in the rear an illustrious officer and his better half, doing the dignified in a small covered cart, drawn by two large lazy Guzzerat

bullocks that manifested the most decided objection to keep moving.

The roads over which the procession passed were a perfect weariness to the flesh; the deepest ruts, the rudest jolts, the highest banks on either side; and long wreaths of brambles meeting in the centre of the road, were the only pleasures experienced and sights seen during our first march to Sejetra; a distance of sixteen miles, accomplished in eight hours!

After resting some time at the dawk bungalow, or post-house, we proceeded in the same order as before to Kairah; a longer stage, over equally rough ground; and reached the pretty cantonment just named, at 7 A. M. on Christmas day. The morning sun was bright as a dream of childhood; a sweet spirit of joy dwelt with the travellers then; a ray of light from the better land, lent for a moment of unspeakable happiness, and then withdrawn from the hearts that cherished it, till the re-union of all in the one great centre of life, light, and love.

The dawk house at Kairah is spacious, and prettily situated; trees abound in the neighbourhood, and the greensward in front of the bungalow would not be deemed unworthy of England. We pursued our journey to Ahmedabad in the

evening. There was no interesting scenery en route, and nothing but wretched roads even within the walls of the capital city of Guzzerat! —a large straggling town, with much unoccupied *ground, and few good buildings, save the New Prison—a very cheerful-looking place, of most* inviting appearance.

There are many and beautiful ruins in the environs of Ahmedabad, chiefly Mahomedan, and a fine cantonment to the north-east. Groves of tamarind trees abound in the vicinity of the city, of particular luxuriance and beauty.

We renewed our march, with the addition of a guard of Gaiakore horse, for the better security of our valuable lives and property. The only incident in the day's journey was the fording of a river between the town and cantonments. A slight improvement in the scenery gratified our visual organs, and an amendment in the road comforted our bones between Ahmedabad and Kullole, the first stage, which was passed at midnight. Our tent was pitched thirty-three miles from the capital, at Langreze, which we reached on the morning of the 29th.

When the light of evening was waning, through alternate desert and jungle the weary travellers pursued their journey at the same

expeditious rate as before; viz. two miles an hour. We reached Seidpoor before the dawn of day, and passed the Sabbath in a ruined house on the banks of a pretty river; and by forced marches proceeded to Deesa, a large military station, with some pretty bungalows and gardens; an English and a Roman Catholic place of worship, and a quiet guarded cemetery. A few days' rest at this cantonment was very needful; and the hospitality, the kindness, the genuine friendly feeling evinced by perfect strangers, can never be exceeded, and is most gratefully remembered.

Muddar, the first stage from Deesa, is distant sixteen miles, the road passing through a desert of deep sand and wild jungle; through this the grey steeds laboured painfully, at the usual rate of two miles an hour. Our tents were pitched near a noble mango tree, with a full view of Mount Aboo in front—the favourite resort of all dwellers in the neighbouring districts during the hot season. A wretched road skirting the mountain leads to Silwarra (eight miles westward of Aboo), a small mud village, surrounded by rocky hills. From thence we proceeded to Maira, and there breakfasted, under a superb banian tree, fronting the mountain. Peacocks, partridges, and quails, abound on the road to Serohi; and the

prevailing enjoyments of the march were, as usual, deep ruts, and most terrific jolts.

The rajah of Serohi expressed a great desire to see the "Colonel sahib," and was full of civil intentions and attentions during our brief visit. The village is prettily situated, on the side of a hill; and his own residence has a picturesque castellated appearance. There are many Mussulman tombs around Serohi, which has evidently been of some importance in days "lang syne."

A bad road and wild jungle leads to Erinpoora, the head quarters of a small force of cavalry, artillery, and foot-soldiers, designated the "Joudpore Legion," and under the command of European officers, the first of whom is political agent to Government in the district of Serohi.

There is no beauty of scenery to be recorded at Erinpoora, but much hospitality and kindness of the English residents there; arresting birds of passage in their flight, and winning a grateful remembrance. After passing some pleasant days with them we continued our route through the uninteresting country between Erinpoora and Deslah, a distance of twenty-four miles accomplished in nine hours. Not one event of interest occurred after passing the third stage.

Our tent was pitched after a day's halt at

Palee, a large market-town, situated in a fine open country. About nine years since it was nearly devastated by plague, and a few fatal cases occurred the morning of our arrival. Great difficulty was experienced in procuring hackeries, or carts, for the conveyance of our heavy baggage; and a detention of some hours occurred. A man sent by the political agent of the district expressly to furnish all we required, was placed under arrest, as a punishment for refractory conduct; the town being amply supplied with all he failed to procure, this chastisement was attended with the desired effect, after hours of vexatious delay.

Two stages beyond Palee is Soojeet, a large, ancient, curious-looking town, surrounded by a high "puckah" or brick wall with battlements, a hill fort commanding it. The country in the neighbourhood is open and level, and the road by which it is approached very good. The difficulty in obtaining supplies at Soojeet for the quadrupeds of our party was great, and the man above mentioned said the inhabitants refused to obey his orders. Guides were promised; but the shadows of evening lengthened, the hour of starting arrived, and no guides appeared. Accordingly G—— was again put under arrest till they were

produced. At the villages, en route, we were unable even to procure the oil needed by our "mussolchie," or light-bearer. This ebony gentleman during our nocturnal wanderings, was frequently greeted with a little Hindoostanee slang, and politely informed that "the sahib might buy it wherever he could."

The road was far worse than any of the rough ways over which we had hitherto passed; it was a succession of loose stones, deep ruts, and beds of sand. Eight weary hours were consumed in journeying the next fourteen miles to Chundool. The encamping ground, which we reached after midnight, was on the borders of a small lake, the tent pitched in the vicinity of some picturesque ancient tombs was sheltered by fine trees, and the tombs were speedily converted by our guards and domestics into temporary kitchens, bathing-houses, and dormitories. Our arrival excited a great sensation among the villagers, and the tent was incessantly surrounded by crowds of men, women, and children, gazing at the wonderful phenomenon, of a white-faced lady eating, drinking, walking, and talking, on terms of perfect equality, with her lord and (nominal) master.

About nine miles from Chundool we had the greatest difficulty in procuring guides. Two of the dark horsemen who formed our escort, were

galloping through the village shouting for "ugooahs" (or guides), and the torch-bearers for oil; but each and all exercised their lungs for nearly an hour in vain. At last, the dormant energies of the villagers were roused, assailed by a combination of sounds unrivalled save in the tower of Babel; and about midnight, a half-naked guide emerged from his dwelling of mud, to conduct us as far as Burrah Barrantia the next stage, a distance of seven miles, and the full extent of his geographical knowledge — a degree of information rarely exceeded by any of his brethren, whose curiosity never excites them to penetrate further than the village adjoining their birthplace.

We reached our camp at three in the morning, after passing over a rough stony road in a barren land. Again the necessary supplies were difficult of attainment, and of very indifferent quality. More than six hours were spent in accomplishing the next twelve miles of our journey. For any description of carriage the road is a very dangerous one, owing to large loose stones and detached pieces of rock. Our guide lost the right track, for road in the macadamised sense of the word there was none. Two of the carts heavily laden with baggage broke down. The camels

finding their burden unpleasant upset the same, *sans cérémonie.*

On arriving at Ruttooria we were informed that the neighbouring country was infested with wolves, and we were advised to be in battle array for the night. Accordingly a formidable barricade was erected in front of our tent. Sentries were stationed at all points of the compass, blazing fires lit, all the live stock assembled and sheltered under the protecting wing of the guard; while the train of quaking servants crouched together around the fires, in trembling apprehension of a visit from the nocturnal foe that haunts these wild regions, seeking whom it may devour.

We passed through Old Beawur, en route to Kurwar, the road wretched as before, and the scenery uninteresting. At the large cantonment of Nusseerabad, about twenty miles from Kurwar, we passed a few happy days, under the roof of two of the most friendly and benevolent spirits that ever appeared in mortal shape, for the especial benefit of man and woman kind.

The country around the station is totally devoid of interest, barren hills in the distance and equally barren plains in the vicinity. Assembly-rooms in a very dilapidated condition, a church without any pretension to architectural beauty, a few good bungalows, and a few pretty gardens.

The road from Nusseerabad to Jeypoor is alternately bad,—very bad,—pretty good,—and good. Ten miles beyond the third stage Echlana, is Doo-Doo, a large straggling town, with a "puckah," fort; the travellers' bungalow is situated near the road at a distance from the town.

Nothing worthy of record occurred for the next twenty-two miles; for the rest and refreshment of man and beast we halted at Bugrah. Our nocturnal journey to Jeypoor was accomplished in safety, over a wretched road rendered still worse by torrents of rain.

A hospitable reception awaited us at the Residency an ancient native building, modernised and metamorphosed into a spacious and comfortable abode for a European gentleman of rank and wealth.

Jeypoor is one of the finest cities in India. The palace inhabited by the rajah is superb, and the "huwah mahaul," or air palace, one of the most curious of the many strikingly Oriental buildings in the town. It seems so light and delicate that a passing wind might destroy the whole fabric. The streets of Jeypoor are built at right angles to one another, and in length, breadth, and cleanliness, would bear a comparison with Regent Street; in architectural beauty they surpass it.

They were thronged with busy natives buying and selling grain, and merchandise of all descriptions; and there was a general air of prosperity and animated life in the city, exceeding that of any town I had hitherto seen in India.

Marble and alabaster are skilfully converted by the natives of Jeypoor into lively illustrations of Hindoo mythology and animal life of all descriptions, also various articles for the table.

One of the rajah's finest elephants was kindly lent to convey us over the most dangerous part of the first march from his capital. We proceeded by the "bund durwazu," over a paved and very perilous causeway; in spite of guides and guards, fearing all possible accidents which could occur to the serious injury of ourselves, goods, and chattels.

Large masses of rock and stone render this road one of great danger for carriages or carts. However, no evil incident occurred, and, after twelve hours very fatiguing travelling, we reached Uckrole, twenty-five miles from Jeypoor, in perfect safety of life, limb, and property.

Deep sand, a stony pass between low hills, and wild ravines form what is called the road to Muhawulpoor. The fording of two rivulets were the only incidents that diversified this stage of our journey; the town itself has no claim to admira-

tion; nor does Bhabra, fifteen miles in advance, merit particular attention. The most exciting events on our march to the last-named place, were the upsetting of a cart, the illness of a sheep, and the desertion of five servants, favoured in their escape by a dark and stormy evening, closing in with tropical torrents of rain which rendered all pursuit impracticable. The day following our arrival at Bhabra we were half-smothered by a sand storm, which was succeeded by a gale of wind and deluge of rain. The road to Kate Pootlee, nineteen miles distant, was good compared with those we had lately traversed; the country barren with low hills on each side.

Though the political agent had twice written, and three envoys, two horsemen, and a hirkarra (messenger) preceded our arrival by some hours, no conveyances had been prepared for our heavy luggage. At last fourteen arrived from Rewarrie in due time for the pursuance of our journey. We had scarcely proceeded a mile when we were assailed by a violent storm; the thunder and lightning were terrific, the rain poured down in such a deluge that the earth can have known no thirst for months after; the wind howled a sad dirge for the day's departed sunshine, and the darkness which prevailed between the intervals of lightning

was so dense, that an escort of police was sent with lanterns to guide us as far as Goojurbans, a village remarkable only as possessing but one tree, and recorded in the book of memory as a welcome shelter to the way-worn well-drenched travellers. Here we were warned not to halt at Byrode, the next stage, the favored haunt of a horde of redoubtable thieves called "Minas." Our guard was augmented by six of the Alwar rajah's horsemen, and thus protected we passed on in safety to Shajehanpore; once losing the road through the stupidity of the guides, and repeatedly on the verge of being upset. The country around Shajehanpore is open and desolate, a range of low hills in the distance, the town ancient and inhabited principally by Minas.

On arriving at Rewaree, we received intelligence, which caused our immediate departure for Delhi, which we reached by forced marches, on St. Valentine's day, 18—. We entered the far-famed imperial city, by the Cashmere gate, about two miles beyond which, the cantonments are situated. The Resident gave us a most hospitable reception, and our brief sojourn in his magnificent dwelling was one of unmixed gratification. It is a superb mansion, and the extensive ground surrounding it has

much of the beauty of an English park. Every luxury that wealth can procure, characterises the interior of the residence. A fine suite of lofty reception-rooms, well suited to a princely entertainer, like the present occupant. A splendid library, richly stored with the best works, ancient and modern, in all the living and dead languages. A fine gallery, filled with costly and beautiful engravings; salons and boudoirs, decorated with works of art and curiosities, ingenuities, and nicknackeries, from all parts of the world. Refined taste and boundless liberality are evidenced, in this rare and valuable collection, made during a long residence in India, by the well-known and deservedly esteemed brother of Baron M——.

Many able writers have given eloquent descriptions of the once superb metropolis of the Great Mogul, and the ruins of the ancient capital, which cover an immense extent of territory. Modern Delhi, situated on the western bank of the Jumma, is about a third of the size of the ancient city; the streets are wide, and the appearance of the town lively; it is surrounded by a high wall of red granite with Martello towers. An extensive parade terminates at the house and gardens formerly in the possession of Sir David Ochterlony. The church erected by

Colonel Skinner, is a handsome building, and cost that gallant and generous officer more than a lac of rupees.

Owing to indisposition, we were unable to visit the palace, which however has been so frequently and minutely described, that any details connected with it would be superfluous. For miles around Delhi, there is an air of solemn desolation; and the tombs scattered in every direction, seem even to cumber the ground.

The day after our arrival, we drove to the Kootub Minar, and visited on our return, Sufter Jung's tomb, also the Jumma Musjeed.

The beauty of the Kootub Minar exceeded our expectations; it stands alone in its majesty, the solitary tower of Hindoostan, the proportions are beautiful, and the ornamental work exquisite. It rises from the earth without a basement, one of the most striking specimens of Oriental architecture. Its erection is said to have occupied forty-four years: the height is two hundred and forty feet; the circumference at the base, one hundred and six feet. It is a circular fluted column of red sandstone, with four balconies, surrounded with battlements of cut stone. From the third balcony to the summit it is built of white marble. Three hundred and eighty stone

steps of a spiral staircase, are ascended before the top is reached. The arches of the mosque to which this tower belonged, are still standing, some in a very perfect state, and are quite in keeping with the Minar. There are adjacent ruins of ancient Hindoo temples, all more or less insignificant, scattered in every direction, colonnades of carved stone pillars and pedestals, and a small column of a metal resembling bronze, erected by Prethee Raj, an old Hindoo sovereign of Delhi.

Fine gardens surround the Kootub Minar, and many tents may be seen within the walls, the temporary residences of European visiters. Pic-nics are also frequently arranged, from Delhi to this celebrated tower and the neighbouring sights. We had intended ascending to the summit of the Minar, but were deterred at the very first step by a terrible effluvia proceeding from the hordes of bats that infest the interior of the edifice; such odours vile as might well daunt the spirit of the most resolute sight-seeing individual.

The divers, in the vicinity of the Kootub, are renowned for their extreme dexterity; but a stout nerve is requisite to witness their exploits, such as that weaker vessel, yclept woman, rarely possesses.

The Kootub Minar stands on the back of one of a range of low hills, and the road to the new city crosses a level country; countless mosques and mausoleums cover the plain.

The massive tomb of Sufter Jung is indeed a splendid monument to the memory of the dead, with a lofty dome in the centre, a rich façade, and very graceful minarets. The base of the building is surrounded by an arched colonnade. The whole tomb is in a state of perfect preservation.

Our next visit was to the far-famed Jumma Musjeed, raised by the emperor Shah Jehan, at the cost of a hundred thousand pounds, and six years' labour. After ascending long flights of broad stone steps, a large court is entered, in which stands the superb mosque, with its grand domes and beautiful minarets, one of the most magnificent edifices in India. In the colonnade surrounding the court, a swarm of Hindoo boys were at school, submitting apparently to a very laborious training of their young ideas; squatting on the stone floor with open books on their knees, all reading, or rather chanting at the same time, in dirge-like tones, rocking their bodies backwards and forwards, and occasionally emitting groaning sounds, as if in mortal agony.

The above-mentioned excursions were made in a carriage kindly lent us by one of the principal native residents at Delhi, the Maharajah, Hindu Rao (brother to the ex-queen of Gwalior), formerly in command of the armies of that state, and also holding other high situations. He is now one of the pensioners of the Honourable East India Company, from whom he enjoys a pension of ten thousand rupees a month. He is very obliging to the English, and held in great esteem. His manners and address are most pleasing and gentlemanly.

We saw some beautiful specimens of the shawls, scarfs, and jewellery for which Delhi is renowned. Small medallions of the celebrated buildings and ruins of Agra and Delhi are frequently painted with great skill by native artists, and very richly set by native jewellers as brooches, bracelets, and other ornaments.

Three pleasant days were passed by us under the roof of the hospitable resident of Delhi; after which our wanderings again commenced.

CHAP. V.

FROM DELHI, THROUGH THE PROTECTED SIKH STATES, TO UMBALLA.

THE journalist must now record her first experience of a regimental march. The elements were in wrath, the winds high, the clouds wearing a most ominous aspect. Not so the cavalcade that quitted Delhi for Allipoor in the following order:— First the colonel, in command of as fine a cavalry corps as any in the service, mounted on a snow-white Arabian charger, to whose grace and beauty the pencil of Landseer only could do justice. On the right of the commandant, an officer of very gallant mien, adjutant of the regiment; on the left, the quarter-master of the corps, a *beau militaire* from the Emerald isle, with the gay spirit and keen wit of a true son of Erin; and others, besides the staff, worthy of most honourable mention,—very gentlemanly and spirited officers, of various rank and age.

An abler pen is requisite to give an accurate

description of the *cortège* that followed the troops. The rear-guard, awaiting the removal of the camp: some with folded arms, perfect illustrations of the spirit of patience; others smoking a consolatory pipe; a few crouching round the expiring embers of the nocturnal fires. A chorus of horrid gurgling sounds, proceeding from the throats of camels indignant at the heavy burdens imposed upon them; some laden with grain and supplies for the camp; others, with a formidable amount of baggage. Tents of various sorts, shapes, and sizes; tables large, small, round, square, and oblong; sofas good, bad, and indifferent; chairs which had evidently passed through the ordeal of many previous marches, some bereft of arms, others destitute of legs, and not a few minus a seat. Dilapidated chests of drawers, and every imaginable variety of trunk, box, bag, and basket, &c., capable of receiving odds and ends, utilities and rubbish, the *omnium gatherum* of a marching regiment; herds of buffaloes, bullocks, and ponies, bearing their share of the common burden, and laden also with the culinary apparatus of the camp. Hackeries, weighed down with a heavy cargo of goods; bangy wallahs, or bearers of boxes called petarahs, for carrying refreshments, and suspended by ropes to each end of a

broad bamboo borne over the shoulders; troops of grass-cutters, with their wretched tattoos, or ponies; syces, or grooms, and other useful appendages to a cavalry corps; the dhobees, or washermen of the regiment; and a dingy-looking tribe of bheesties, or water-carriers, adorned with mushucks, or skins in which the water is conveyed, slung over their shoulders. In addition to these, a train of servants, attendant on their masters; and the bazar people, interspersed with the camp equipage.

In India, when troops are ordered to march, every requisite article of consumption accompanies the army or detachment moving, as the villages or small towns furnish a very insufficient supply for the numerous train: grain, oxen, sheep, goats, poultry—in fact all things under the head of provisions—must be procurable in the camp bazar, which is a most amusing and motley assemblage. The camp-followers very far exceed the number of fighting men.

Among the poorer classes, a father may frequently be observed carrying one or two children in baskets suspended to a bamboo, like the bangy boxes before described, or conveying one child on his hip, and another on the nape of the neck. The women often carry their babes in a bag

shaped like a hood, and slung over their shoulders.

The ladies in camp generally proceed in advance of the *cortège* just described; some in a very *recherché* morning costume; others *en papillote*, and bonnets *de nuit*. Occasionally a bold-spirited equestrian may be seen; but palankeens and carriages are the general conveyances.

The regiment is welcomed to its encamping ground by a fakeer (or religious enthusiast), who beats his drum vigorously in honour of its arrival. A flag waves proudly over this distinguished gentleman, and is discernible at some distance. He hails the regiment with a noisy shout that baffles all description: — "Long life to the company and regiment! may they never want one to sing forth their praise!" These were the sounds that greeted us on our arrival at Allipoor, which is not worthy of particular mention. The following morning before daybreak we started for Burrota-ka-Serai, a distance of eleven miles. The weather was oppressively hot, and our encamping ground very bad.

A young officer and his wife, who were travelling dawk (by palankeen, with relays of bearers, from stage to stage), claimed our hospitality for the day, being unable to proceed from the want of

bearers. Every *couleur de rose* tint had vanished from the fair face of the young wife; and, at twenty years of age, a look of hopeless debility remained. Her husband was one of the most gentlemanly and agreeable officers we met with.

Our next halting-place bore the enticing name of Burr-ka-Chokee, to reach which we waded through beds of sand, misnamed a road. The encamping ground was about five miles distant from a very large town with the harmonious title of Soonput.

We quitted Burr-ka-Chokee for Solemha on the 19th of ——, passing through a most uninteresting country—a desert of sand, till we reached the respectable town just named, having marched eleven miles in three hours.

The next stage, forty-eight miles from Delhi, was the celebrated Paniput, the scene of two most sanguinary battles; "the first between the sultan Baber and Ibrahim Lodi, the emperor of Delhi, in 1525, when the latter was defeated; and the second (more approaching to our own times) in 1761, between the Mahrattas and the army of Ahmed Shah Abdalla, the sovereign of Cabul; the former being utterly discomfited after a long-continued struggle, and at a loss of not less than half a million of lives."

The stone houses and huts of the native inhabitants, interspersed with trees, have a picturesque appearance at a distance.

Two marches from Paniput is Kurnaul, surrounded by a brick wall in a very dilapidated condition. The cantonments cover a great extent of ground; and the bungalows, some of which are very good with large gardens, are built in wide streets.

Twelve thousand men can be exercised with perfect ease on the fine parade ground.

The church is spacious, and handsomer than the generality of places of worship which we saw in the upper provinces. But the station is almost abandoned, in consequence of the terrific ravages occasioned by fever; and the church was deserted alike by pastor and flock.

The scenery on the banks of the canal is very picturesque—it is bordered by weeping willows; and the rich verdure of the neighbouring land exceeded any I had yet seen in India. Rice fields abound in the vicinity of Kurnaul; to these, and the marshy ground near the canal, the unhealthiness of the station is attributed.

We were encamped on the cavalry parade for two days, and here also met with great civility from the principal native resident, the Nuwab of

Kurnaul, who lent us his comfortable English barouche during our stay, and also for the first march from Kurnaul.

On the 25th we were *en route*, at the dawn of day, for Tunaisir, a large town of religious importance to the Hindoos; and, the following morning, passed through a highly cultivated country to Shahabad, thirteen miles from Umballa, our ultimate destination.

Umballa is the head-quarters of the important political agency of the north-west frontier. The neighbouring country is very richly cultivated; and, when completed, the cantonments will be among the best and prettiest in the upper provinces. The snowy range of the Himmalaya mountains was visible from our camp, — a very tantalising prospect to those who are obliged to endure the miseries of the hot season in the plains.

Three miles from the cantonments is the native town. Its streets are constructed with arched colonnades; and the bazaar is a livelier scene than is generally met with in a small Indian town.

No church has yet been erected at this station; accordingly divine service was performed in a barrack by a clergyman recently appointed, and

a sergeant acted as clerk. The singing was not exactly "music of the spheres;" and discord reigned where harmony should prevail. The service was fully attended; and the minister one who could not fail to win the attention of his hearers.

Two days during the week an excellent band played, belonging to a European regiment stationed at Umballa, and attracted all the nobility, gentry, beauty, and fashion of the vicinity.

The ladies in camp were here reinforced by a party from Simla; and finally we mustered twelve very prepossessing daughters of Eve. Four young lassies, as fair as ever graced a London drawing-room; and among those who had long since entered into the holy state of matrimony, were wives and mothers who would have secured the happiness of any home. Among the assembled fair ones were several amateurs of music, whose sweet warblings enlivened many evenings in camp.

Not long after our arrival, the monotony of our life was relieved by the presence of the commander-in-chief, his family, and suite. A station ball was given in honour of the event, and a barrack metamorphosed into a *salle de danse.* The

names of all the victorious engagements in which Sir —— had won renown — in the Peninsula, the Celestial Empire, and India — were painted on the walls, surrounded by festoons of laurel. The huge figure of a grenadier of the 87th regiment decorated one side of the room, and the arms of the commander-in-chief were opposite. Candelabras elaborately gilt were suspended from the ceiling; and cloth *couleur de rose* was spread on the floor for the fairy feet of the *danseuses.*

About twenty ladies graced the evening entertainment; and four times that number of officers were present. A handsome supper was provided; and every arrangement (made *à la hâte*) met with the gracious approval of his Excellency, Lady ——, and their fair daughter. Each of those distinguished individuals has won golden opinions from all who have had the happiness of forming their acquaintance. Their genuine kindness and hospitality meet with and merit universal praise.

The camp of the commander-in-chief and staff is a sight worth observation and record. The order and regularity that prevails in every department; the beauty of the tents, particularly those of his Excellency, deserves a particular description. They are magnificent pavilions, fitted up with every requisite comfort. The reception-room

was richly carpeted, furnished with as much taste as any drawing-room at the Presidencies, and, in the evening, brilliantly illuminated. A piano was one of the portable luxuries in Lady ——'s tent, most particularly envied by those who march with only an abundant supply of the necessaries of life, but few such refined indulgencies.

A brilliant review of the troops at the station took place during Sir ——'s visit at Umballa.

The adjutant-general kindly sent his finest elephant for the especial use of the illustrious writer of these pages. From the eminence to which she was raised *pro tempore*, every part of the ground chosen, and every movement and manœuvre, were distinctly visible, until the dragoons and artillery appeared on the field; and then the scene was one that recalled to mind the picture by David at Paris, the subject of which was "Le Maréchal Blucher, tombé sous son cheval à Waterloo," and beneath which a wag of a critic had written, —"On ne voit pas le maréchal à cause du cheval, qui a tombé sur lui; et on ne voit pas le cheval à cause de la fumée!" No doubt the manœuvres of the dragoons and artillery were very brilliant and effective; but officers, men, and horses were

enveloped in such whirlwinds of dust, smoke, and sand, that more was left to the imagination of the spectator than met the eye.

Under the inspection of an able engineer, very fine roads were in course of construction in all parts of the station, and a number of convicts were employed in the work; a fierce-looking but industrious set of ruffians, labouring hard, in chains, for the public welfare.

Under the superintendence of the same skilful engineer officer, fine barracks for European regiments have been erected, and commodious stables for dragoon and native cavalry horses.

Houses at Umballa were scarce and dear; and ditto every needful article for building. Many officers were obliged to send to Kurnaul to purchase deserted bungalows there, and demolish them for the purpose of erecting similar abodes at the new cantonment, with the materials thus obtained. There were no houses in the cavalry lines, and the liveliest discussions might daily be heard in camp about the price of wood for *chokuts* (door-frames), *wattle*, and *dab*, for temporary buildings; bamboos, beams, bricks, and mortar, and other edifying discourse, *à propos* to the same subject.

Furniture may be procured at a moderate price

in the upper provinces, made of what is termed toon wood, and teak—the Indian substitutes for mahogany and oak, turned and carved very skilfully by the natives. At Barcilly, in Rohilcund, sofas, chairs, cabinets (and a variety of household furniture), are beautifully painted and gilt, and sold for a very low price compared with similar articles elsewhere.

Excellent carpets are made at the native town of Umballa, called setringas; and these are used for covering the ground in tents, and occasionally in bungalows also.

In the bazars a variety of European goods may be purchased; and from English merchants established there wines and spirits of every description.

From the shops of the Parsee merchants, at all the large stations through which we passed in the Mofussil, every thing requisite for the table, and every article of useful and ornamental furniture, is procurable; also fancy articles, of Bohemian glass, silver, and carved ivory.

The box wallahs, or itinerant merchants for the highways and by-ways of the Indian provinces, are frequent visiters in camps or cantonments, accompanied by two or more coolies, or

bangy wallahs, laden with boxes, and huge bundles wrapped in canvas, containing an almost indescribable variety of goods. Rich specimens of the Indian loom, and costly embroidery from Delhi, mingled with faded silks and satins from France and England. Mock lace and yellow blonde, refuse muslins and printed cottons of British manufacture. Rusty papers of pins, needles, and scissors. Genuine brown Windsor soap. Rowland's matchless kalydor. Elegantly embossed paper, of every sentimental *nuance; couleur de rose*, celestial blue, emerald green, and evening primrose tint, suited to the most fastidious taste, of writers of *billets-doux*. All, and more than all these, are proudly displayed, to tempt the vanity of woman; the vender squatting on the ground in the approved altitude of the East, expatiating on the incomparable beauty and worth of each article, and demanding the most exorbitant price (whether Parsee, Mussulman, or Hindoo), with all the *sang froid* of a Jew.

Occasionally a wandering musician, with a non-descript instrument, neither guitar, lyre, sackbut, psaltery, or dulçimer favours the dwellers in tents with such proofs of genius, and specimens of skill and taste, as are rarely met with

in Europe. The *artiste*, with his feet drawn under his knees, squats complacently on the carpet, and draws forth the most excruciating sounds from his ancient instrument; making at the same time grimaces worthy of that master in the art, his serene Highness the chimpanzee, of zoological notoriety. Lays of all lands are deliberately murdered; and then in solemn gravity the national anthem is played. After enduring this terrible ordeal to lovers of harmony, as in duty bound you cross the palm of the musician with a silver token of approbation; and then, with secret rejoicing, receive his salaam, on his retiring from your sacred presence, to disturb the peace and quiet of your neighbours.

Another painful infliction was an evening exhibition of roving Nautch girls, clothed in flowing draperies of the gaudiest hue, tawdry tinsel, and spangles of gold and silver, with a profusion of armlets, anklets, bracelets, ear-rings, and nose-rings, chanting in nasal melodies the praise of the principal spectators, and dancing with slow monotonous steps to the most uninspiring airs. Three were old and hideous as the Weird Sisters; the other two young in years, but wholly destitute of the bloom and freshness of girlhood.

Sand storms were of frequent occurrence at Umballa: the air was suddenly darkened, and the sand swept with the speed of a whirlwind from the ground; and this was frequently succeeded by torrents of rain. Save under these circumstances, and during the hot season, a tent is a delightful substitute for a house: pleasant is the gipsy's home, and roving life.

At gun-fire, or daylight, the day in the East commences, either with a walk, ride, or drive, according to the fancy and capability of the parties. A *déjeûner à la fourchette* succeeds, and from eleven till two visits are received and made, during the greatest heat of the day—a most irrational arrangement of time, and unwelcome intrusion on valuable morning hours and better occupations. After a tiffin, or luncheon, sufficiently substantial to answer the purpose of dinner, a siesta is generally indulged in. This labour accomplished, the fatigue of dressing succeeds; and after that important business is concluded, a drive round the course follows: and then the pall of night falls rapidly over the scene, and the employments of the day close with a late dinner.

A happy change in our destiny occurred after

we had passed a month at Umballa, when we were quaking with the anticipation of the approaching hot season in tents. To the welcome march that ensued, its accidents and incidents, another chapter shall be especially dedicated.

CHAP. VI.

FROM UMBALLA TO LOODIANAH, THROUGH THE PROTECTED SIKH STATES.

On the evening of a bright day in April we commenced our march towards Sirhind, and arrived there early the following morning. Our tent was pitched under a grove of beautiful trees, and some pleasant hours were passed in exploring the fine ruins in the neighbourhood. The country around Sirhind is very pretty, and well cultivated.

A pundit was brought to the tent in the evening, who examined the lines of destiny on the palms of our hands with the greatest solemnity; predicted an accession of rank, wealth, and honour; mingled a due portion of clouds with sunshine; and, after gazing intently on a mysterious and dimly visible line on the thumb, pronounced the writer of this journal a very grave thinker, with a profound love of all serious subjects and pursuits. One shadow has already fallen as predicted, and succeeding years will re-

veal how far the gift of second sight was possessed by this ebony seer.

The next halting-place in our march bore the melodious name of *Kunka ke Serai*, where there is a travellers' bungalow, possessing the usual amount of luxurious furniture and extensive accommodation. The morning air was fresh and exhilarating, and our early walk delightful. On the fourth day's journey we reached Loodianah, our ultimate destination.

Hamilton thus describes the origin of Loodianah as a military station:—

"In consequence of the extension of the British possessions, in 1803, to the banks of the Sutlej, the line of defence against the Sikhs became much narrowed, and Lord Lake foretold that a small corps well-stationed in that quarter would effectually protect the Doab and adjoining provinces, against the incursions of that tribe. Loodianah was accordingly selected and fortified, and, in 1808, made the head station of a brigade sufficiently strong both to cover the protected Sikh chiefs, and impose respect on those situated north of the river."

Mr. Parbury gives the following account of the river Sutlej:—"Beneath the political agent's mansion, is the old bed of the Sutlej, that

river now flowing at some miles' distance. An insignificant stream occupies a small space of it hardly sufficing to float a few boats. In the height of the rains only is it connected with the main stream."

Loodianah is surrounded by a desert of sand: the cantonments are confined, and their site ill chosen. According to their present arrangement they are only calculated to accommodate, with comfort, half the number of regiments stationed there. At the period of our visit the barracks for European troops were not completed, and only a few good houses erected in the lines appropriated to the cavalry: for the quadrupeds of the last-named corps no stables had yet been built.

The fort is constructed of mud and brick. It was originally built by natives, subsequently altered by Europeans, and is said to possess the defects of both systems of fortification without the merits of either. The town has been extended nearly to the gates of the fort, which, when we saw it, was in a dilapidated condition.

The bazar is very large and populous. The Mussulmen merchants hold the best assortment of goods native and European, and these are among the busiest bees in the hive of operatives.

The public assembly-rooms consist of a spacious ball-room, supper-room, theatre, and green-room.

The parade is not extensive; and, from the sandy nature of the ground, is unfavourable for the exercise of troops.

Two evenings in the week, the bands of regiments stationed at Loodianah enlivened the musical community, with selections from the best operas; and so great was the skill of the performers, that the master spirits who composed the airs, would hardly have recognised the beautiful conceptions of their own genius, so much were they embellished by the taste of the musicians. More than half the instruments were certainly out of tune, but neither this, nor any other evil, could daunt the energy of the band, or chill its *bonne volonté*, and the course was always fashionably attended, in honour of the performance described.

Intensely dull is the drive just mentioned, of almost daily occurrence, and wholly destitute of all but social charms. During the hot season, no verdure is visible, not a sign of vegetation to refresh the eye, and only one point of interest in the distance, the snowy range of the Himmalaya mountains, forming the boundary of the horizon.

Near the infantry lines is the palace of the

defunct king of Caubul, Shah Soojah, surrounded by a high wall, possessing an extensive garden, and two large compounds, or enclosures, for the servants of the royal household, and abundant accommodation for the live stock. The building has been enlarged, metamorphosed, and modernised, like the Residency at Jeypoor. The interior is very picturesque, especially the centre reception or drawing room, fifty-two feet in length, and its latitude proportioned to its longitude. Arches and pillars support the roof, and a colonnade of small arches surrounds the building, forming a verandah. In the centre of the garden is a temple, painted *al fresco*, and a reservoir of water; — beautiful vines bearing the finest grapes, arranged with Italian taste, over light trellice-work, and giving a delightful shade to some of the garden walks; — a profusion of flowerbeds, from the entrance gate to the palace, and creepers of every description, twining gracefully round the verandah of a small unoccupied bungalow in the garden. One of the finest flowering-trees in the whole extent of ground was the amultaus, which grows to the size of an acacia, and in the summer season bears luxuriant garlands of golden blossoms; pendant as the laburnum, but bearing a flower

of much greater size and beauty, and yielding a sweeter fragrance. The seed, contained in a long pod, is very valuable for medicinal purposes.

Adjoining the temple was a sweet-scented shrub called Chandnee by the natives, or the moon-flower, bearing rich white blossoms, looking like snow-flakes, among the dark green leaves. Every variety of beautiful balsam decorated the garden, Cape jasmine, and roses in profusion.

A "molly," or gardener, and several coolies, his assistants, were at work in the popular Oriental style; their knees on a level with the nose, and a less elevated part, coming in close contact with the ground. Hoeing, weeding, planting, watering, are all conducted in the same manner, the labourers squatting from bed to bed, as if amusing themselves with a game at leap-frog.

The sweeping of the house is frequently performed in this attitude with a short hand-broom. Plate and glass also are cleaned by a company of Khitmutgar squatters, the footmen of the East; and the cooks arrange the dinner in like fashion.

The Scripture statement of those healed of divers diseases being commanded to take up their bed and walk, is frequently misunderstood at home, where the writer of this journal has

been gravely assured, that the chief part of the miracle consisted in the person so addressed having strength to carry a fourpost bed on his shoulders.

Nothing can be lighter, or more portable, than the Oriental beds. The charpoy, which is most commonly used, is much lighter and smaller than a French *lit de sangle ;* on this a blanket or counterpane is spread in lieu of a mattress. The greater number of servants, and the house-guard, had still more simple couches; a wadded counterpane placed on the pavement of the verandah, and a bundle of clothes rolled into the form of a bolster or pillow.

The women of the poorer classes grind corn, work in the field and garden, and collect manure, which they knead like dough, and shape into round cakes for burning. They are well worked, and frequently ill-treated household drudges; never permitted to taste food or drink water, before the wants of their jack-masters, or husbands, are fully satisfied. Their costume varies according to their rank and circumstances. The greater number of Hindoo women of the *basse classe,* wear a full petticoat descending from the hips, and a loose drapery thrown carelessly over the head and upper part of the body.

The Mahomedan females wear loose trowers, and the same description of covering for the head and body. Their throats, arms, and ankles, are heavily laden with tawdry ornaments, painted every hue of the rainbow, and thickly covered with gilding. Their hair is redolent of ghee and oil, and their *tout ensemble* most unprepossessing. The children generally wear no other garment than that with which nature furnished them, and few among the swarms that congregate in the bazars are gifted with any beauty. The good looks of the women are early lost, and in their old age they become hideous.

The men, generally speaking, have good features and figures. The finest we saw were the officers and men of the regiments of irregular cavalry stationed at Loodianah and Ferozepoor. They are unrivalled horsemen, and perform the most daring feats with matchless *sang froid*, mounted on fiery chargers, whose spirit would seem invincible in other hands. The riders look as if no combination of human powers could daunt their courage, and no spirits of the air, be they black, grey, or white, make their bold hearts quail. It seems as if fire were their element, and the cannon's roar sweet music to them.

A brilliant review took place, not long after

our arrival, of some of the finest troops in the service. The strut majestic and salute of the native officers was quite unique.

An amateur play was also performed, during our residence at Loodianah, in a style worthy of the London boards. An artillery officer evidenced as much genius in the part of Dr. Ollipod, as if the stage had been his peculiar vocation. Sir Matthew Bramble was admirably represented by one with whom the drama of life soon after prematurely closed. The difficult task of genteel comedy was consigned to a young ensign, and the character of Sir Charles Cropland was sustained throughout in the most able manner. No experienced actor could have done greater justice to the part.

A young lieutenant, with a handsome face, but deep bass voice, and most unfeminine air and manner, personated Emily Worthington.

The part of Miss Lucretia Mac Tab was performed with very great spirit and applause by an infantry officer.

In a laughable farce which succeeded, two young ladies were represented by gawky sergeants, who made their first awkward *entrée* with red bony hands stuck fast in the pockets of their fancy aprons. More painfully vulgar represent-

ations of womankind it would be difficult to meet with.

The frog hornpipe was danced with inimitable skill, as an interlude, by a stout gentleman of Dutch descent, one of the most good-humoured, benevolent, and facetious spirits at the station.

We passed some months at Loodianah, which is universally considered one of the hottest stations in the upper provinces of India. No verbal description can convey an adequate idea of the intense overwhelming heat we there experienced, during the very worst season on record for twenty-five or thirty years. Even those born in the land of the sun, who had never quitted their native country, were keen sufferers.

The tatties and punkahs were in constant use. The former are mats of kuskus, the root of a particular kind of grass, placed before the open glass doors of the house, and kept continually wet. The punkah looks like a door taken off its hinges, slung transversely from the ceiling, kept in continual movement by means of a rope pulled by servants, and producing a gentle breeze. Still the thermometer, in the largest and loftiest room in the house, was rarely under 90° or 95°.

The heat at night seemed even still more overpowering; though every door and window

was wide open, the heat was suffocating. For three months the air inhaled seemed like a blast of the simoom. And then succeeded one week only of refreshing rain, pouring in tropical torrents from the heavily laden clouds. The season of rain, enduring generally three months, was this year limited to seven days, leaving the thirst of the earth unquenched, and the dwellers thereon parched, and destitute even of the dew of heaven.

The flights of locusts are worse than the flies of Egyptian celebrity. They come as clouds on a stormy day, darkening the whole atmosphere, and resemble large grasshoppers with wings; their colour varies, some being bright yellow, others of a reddish brown. The natives of India eat them fried and in curries. Their approach is immediately made known by the loud clattering of their wings in flying through the air; also by an unusual commotion among the servants of the household; a hooting, yelling, screaming, and shouting, worthy of a horde of New Zealand savages; with the firing of guns, and every available invention for the disturbance of the community, and the intimidation of the dreaded myriads of "teedies," as they are termed by the natives. The devastation caused by these insect armies is fearful.

The chits, as they are termed in India, or notes, are almost as great an infliction as the swarms of locusts: they are sent by every friend and acquaintance instead of verbal messages (which cannot be conveyed by native servants); and are terrible consumers of time, both in reading, writing, and answering.

The night we attended the theatre at Loodianah, one of the sons of the late king of Caubul, Shah Soojah, honoured the performance with his presence,—a handsome intelligent-looking man, superbly dressed, and wearing magnificent jewels in his cap. He looked like a bandit chief.

Many members of the late king's family reside in the vicinity of the Sutlej. Timour, the eldest son, lives at Ferozepoor, and is generally considered one of the best of the clan, and firmer in his attachment to British interests than the others, who were either secret intriguers, or in open rebellion against their father and our government.

Shah Soojah was for some time a prisoner of Runjeet Singh, late ruler or king of the Punjaub, who governed his extensive dominions wisely for many years, and controlled the turbu-

lent and sanguinary spirits who have all revolted since his death. He could neither read nor write, and had only acquired the single accomplishment of making a mark as a signature for his name.

The society at Loodianah consisted chiefly of military men; members of the medical profession attached to the Bengal service; officers holding political appointments; and, latterly, an agreeable and excellent clergyman of the Church of England, his accomplished wife; and about a dozen other ladies.

The term "Anglo-Indian" at home, *alias* in England, is generally associated with liver complaint, bile, jaundice—the very essence of dulness, and emblem of *ennui.* He is considered to possess few accomplishments beyond smoking a hookah, abusing the natives, discussing the policy of India or the affairs of a regiment. And I have known some illustrious literary characters refuse invitations to dinner, on hearing that Indians were to be among the guests.

I can only record a very brief acquaintance with society in India; but, commencing at Bombay, and concluding at a distant frontier station, I record with pleasure my individual experience and personal knowledge of gentlemen in the

most refined sense of the word, with as much intelligence and cultivated talent, among officers in regiments on East Indian service, as a *ré-union* in London or Paris would furnish, among as large a body of men of more peaceful calling and pursuits.

What a witty writer in the New Monthly terms a "snobocracy," exists at home, abroad, in every quarter of the globe; and doubtless a branch of that widely extended society may be met with by the curiosity hunters of social life in India, as elsewhere. But the wheat predominates over the tares. There may be, and doubtless are, many in our vast Indian possessions who appear to do little else than

> "Eat, drink, sleep, what then?
> Why eat and drink, and sleep again."

But an equally unintellectual existence is also led by many in enlightened England.

And the ladies of the East?—There were but few, in our long pilgrimage, of whom we gained an intimate knowledge; and these were wives and mothers, worthy of all the blessedness of an English home; sensible and cultivated women, intelligent companions, and agreeable friends.

Shadows, as well as lights, were occasionally

reflected on our path; but these were passing visions, and too uninteresting to win an after record.

Beyond the bazar at Loodianah is an American missionary station, the houses, chapel, and school belonging to which are well constructed and neatly arranged. Faithful missionaries had here laboured for some years, but the work of conversion had progressed slowly; notwithstanding the unremitting zeal of the husbandmen, a scanty harvest had been reaped.

The Scriptures are very widely distributed in India, and their extensive circulation is an effectual means of preparing the minds of the people for the reception of Christian truth. In illustration of this assertion the remarks of an intelligent native of Delhi may be quoted, who said to a clergyman there,—"You give your books without a threat, and without a bribe, and the men are neither terrified nor allured. You see nothing of them, and it may be you hear nothing. They die, and perhaps have not been changed in their mind by your books; but the books die not. Their children come to the possession of them, and argue,—'Our fathers accepted these books, and kept them till death; there must be something good in them. Our

fathers, perhaps, intended we should read them, and we will.' Thus, by long patience in pursuing this plan, you wisely secure the changing of the minds of the children of those who take your books."—*Calcutta Missionary Herald.*

In a letter from the Rev. Dr. Duff to the Committee of the Bible Association, is the following passage:—"As to the general willingness of the natives in the city and neighbourhood of Calcutta to receive copies of the Scriptures, there can be no doubt. Whatever repugnance may at one time have existed, it has now for the most part disappeared. I not only find natives willing to receive copies when offered to them, but very frequently they ask for copies, both in English and Bengali." A clergyman resident at Dacca, writing to the committee above-named, makes the following observation:—"There is a very marked change in the Hindoos and the Mahomedans; the result, we believe, of a very liberal dispersion of the sacred Scriptures. We cannot speak of conversions, but we do hope that the public mind is preparing for a great revolution in favour of the Gospel."

The Rev. R. H. Wilson of Tuttighur, in a report to the committee, mentions a large distribution of the Bible in Hindoo and Urdu; and

Persian testaments, chiefly to learned Mahomedans; and the great anxiety of the people in the surrounding towns and villages, to receive and read the word of God.

Three Hindoo candidates for admission into the Lal Bazar church, ascribed their change of sentiments to the fact that, while the Hindoo shasters could tell them nothing of a way of salvation, the Christian Scriptures pointed definitely and clearly to a Saviour able to save.

The languages spoken or written throughout the provinces, from the Burhamputer to the Indus, are principally the Bengali, the Uriya, the Hindoo, the Persian, and the Punjaubi. In most of these there are versions of the entire, or at least portions, of the Sciptures; and thus far the work has not only commenced, but a great advance has actually been made.

From the Bible Society of Calcutta the issues of the year 1833 amounted to 55,630 volumes; making, since the commencement of the society's operations, the total of 439,987 copies.

The greater number of conversions occur among the orphan children of the schools at various stations.

At Loodianah, the number of natives converted to Christianity, in a period of eight years,

amounted to about fifteen; among those were two women, and some of the orphan children, under the care of the kind-hearted and zealous Americans established there.

The church at this station is commodious, but not handsome.

The following specimens of letter-writing and accounts are introduced for the amusement of English readers; and to show the attainments of the natives of India after many years' instruction and study. One of the correspondents was an old Calcutta baboo, or English writer, who had earned his livelihood for thirty years by writing. Another was a pay duffadar, or sergeant, who had been educated at the Delhi College, and was a contemporary of Mohun Lal's. Another the scholar of a very intelligent missionary teacher, who had devoted much time to the instruction of his pupil.

The accounts were written by a Parsee butler, who received a good education at Bombay, and was considered a clever man. The ideas of the natives shoot but slowly; and they have evidently no genius for composition, though extremely faithful and exact as copyists. They excel in copying music, writing, and minute painting. Their medallions of mosques, mausoleums, and archi-

tectural subjects generally, are executed very skilfully.

(No. 1.)

"Worthy Master, Worthyst Protector.

"With the greatest submission, humbly beg to present respectful compliment to your honor, and to state that on the 20th May last, cholera attacked on me, but merciful God escaped me from the accident, as yet not regained the strength, and hope my worthy master, with greatest pleasure, prosperous and good health!

"I constant practice to hard work, and to keep honest and depend on every thing, to our Heavenly Father. Since 1837, I am marching with the corps, all round the Bheel country, Affghanistan, and the late campaign at Gwalior, whereby I become perfectly ruinous state of condition, by every means I am out of all purposes.

"I am sorry to bring to your notice, the system adopted by me, on happening in very close to the troops at Maharajpore, at the moment the fight commenced, is prosperous on any way to private servants, but Almighty God preserved from that danger. I resolved myself to be aside. The government and commander-in-chief much applauded to have observed the good conduct of this regiment.

"Three times rain fallen at this place, but too hot, grain cheap, very little sick. B—— now a good luck, his honesty daily increasing, often uses gentleman's durbar. H. M. is going with a pension, all your doing and kind, not only that, but favourable light towards many people in the world. Pray merciful God place you on deserving seat.

"Honoured Sir,

"Your most humble Servant,

"R. G."

(No. 2.)

"Sir,

"You know well you did to all your creatures, much better also beyond their power, but through avarice and selfishness are not still satisfied. I beg to say that I am bread up under your kind treatment from infancy, to this age depending, and thank you faithfully. With my slam all the European officers in this regiment are enjoying their health, the climate of this has been spoiled extremely for men and horses.

"All your devoted servants here beg you to receive their slams. I shall be very lucky to see you and Mam Sahib.

"P. R. N."

(No. 3.)

"Honored Sir,

"I beg to lay my respectful compliments to your honor. Hope Almighty keep you with prosperous. It is a great sorrow to remind, that the recommendation you was graciously and kindly to give to C. D. S. Esqr. does not effected through my unfortunate. All God please.

"I have also to inform your honor you was obliged by every means to assist, thereby I was respectfully maintained and my families.

"The Gwalior battle put me into sorrowful, by suffering double expences, praying to our Saviour and considering the past time. Hope God reach you soon to the next grade. Having been elapsed fourteen years didn't seen my old mother, day and night weeping, for also sorry we have no children.

"Your humble Servant,
"R. G."

Part of a khansamah's (butler or head servant) account in English of table expenses: —

ACCOUNT.	INTERPRETATION.
No. 2 of fowls best.	2 of the best fowls.
Azin-glass.	Isinglass.
2 doz. of pups!	Puffs of pastry.
2 doz. of tart-less.	Tartlets.

ACCOUNT.	INTERPRETATION.
2 doz. of oyster pots.	Oyster patties.
Muckrony.	Maccaroni.
Wurmsulee.	Vermicelli.
2 do. bisekot.	Biscuits.
Ganger.	Ginger.
Garlet.	Garlic.
Chelly.	Jelly.

Purchases made by the same servant:—

Cuted tumlers.	Tumblers of cut glass.
Wine glass cuted.	Cut wine glasses.
Pamplet pickle in cake.	1 keg of pickled pomfret
One got.	1 goat.
Fooding for got.	Food for the goat.
One tamran fish cake	1 keg of preserved tamarind fish.
1 cake magoes pukle.	1 keg of mangoe pickle.

(No. 4.)

"Most Gracious,

"I humbly beg to request the favor of your promise, regarding my eldest son, my soul intention to place him in the government school, as gratis as your honor are well acquainted with my poor circumstances. I therefore beg leave to crave your honor that a good recommendation from you on this subject will be a lively blessing towards your family. My fervent wish, that your honor will remember or look me with the same eye of

favor, as I had been exprinced before on my arrival.

"I shall commence my navigation from this or at Agra, till I shall be favored from you. My humble compliments towards her ladyship your noble wife, I always praying to Almighty God for your long life and prosperity, and with cheerful health and spirit I remain,

"Most Gracious,
"Your humble Servant,
"H. B."

The originals of the two following letters were given us by a friend at Loodianah, endowed with a keen perception of the ridiculous.

(Nos. 5, 6.)

"My Master,

"I have the pleasure to declare my thoughts in regard to you, and General J. Sir yesterday before day while I was in your house, and spoke great deal about my circumstance to you, you answered me that perhaps you are unthankful, with that kindness what I and the General have shewn. But to think so Sir, it is almost unnecessary, because I always pray to my Heavenly Father, that he may enlighten your and General J.'s bodies, like

the angels of Heaven, and may teach and prosper you, so that there may be no more need that I may go any another place for search of any thing. If my Heavenly Father make me successful in receiving your and General J.'s kindness, I have hope in a few days then I will be like a garden to cheer your and the General's heart. And you have spoken, that I have seen many persons not like you. It is right and I think there are few like me. Sir my love to your amiable and palatable feet for ever,

"Your poor affectionate,

"R."

"Honored Sir,

"That your memoralists having been thrown out of employment is in a state of destitution, and having heard that thousands are provided with the situations through your honor's clemency, he therefore hope that you be pleased to be use your influence, in procuring his humble memorial the means of earning a livelihood, and very thankful should you kind enough to grant me the above favor, as a bit of food under the shelter of your protection, or will look down with an eye of compassion on my behalf by so granting, it will be for to support of my family, wishing with my

heart blessing to Almighty God, will give you welfare and prosperity in heaven. Kind Sir, I hope you will excuse or take no notice of me writing at you in such a style, for indeed not know what I have done wrong or right,

"Your humble Petitioner,
"S. Writer."
(Native Sepoy his Son.)

"May 1844."

CHAP. VII.

VOYAGE DOWN THE SUTLEJ AND INDUS, THROUGH SCINDE TO BOMBAY.

WE left Loodianah on the 22nd of September, at which time, from want of rain during the last season, the river was very low. Owing to this, and having a strong wind in our teeth, we made but slow progress.

The boats in use on the Sutlej and Indus resemble a Thames coal barge: the best are heavy; and, though well adapted to the peculiarities of the river, they are ill calculated for any traveller whose object is an expeditious conveyance. The size, of course, varies greatly, and is selected according to the extent of accommodation required. Ours was one of 1000 maunds, equal to about 36 tons. "In small boats a long rudder serves also as a paddle, and the steersman is elevated sufficiently to watch the true course of the stream. The oars are most unwieldy and badly managed, and look as if they

had been constructed in Brobdignag, or in the days of the giants. Six men worked at each, and our average speed was two miles and a half an hour! The stem and stern of the boat are raised, and the space between allotted to the passengers, except a few feet in the centre, kept for baling out water, of which there is generally an abundant supply.

The sides of the three cabins in our boat were formed by bamboos, the roof of strong reedy grass. The centre room was our *salon* and dormitory; a small one in the rear was occupied by a European female servant, a large colony of rats, and a store of provisions for the voyage. The latter, fortunately for us, were not such as pleased the taste of the greedy gentry just named, and remained untouched, while vigorous inroads were made on the sacks of flour, &c. belonging to our native servants.

The cooking operations were carried on in a small room in the fore-part of the vessel; and we were hourly diverted with various musical sounds, emitted from the throats of fowls, sheep, goats, kids, and all other quadrupeds and bipeds admitted into our second Noah's Ark.

The thatch, or chopper, is by no means impervious to rain, or a sufficient shelter from the

terrific heat of an Indian sun. Though the regular season for hot winds was passed, they prevailed for many days during our voyage with intolerable heat; the thermometer ranging between 95° and 100° after noon, during the month of September; while before and after sunrise the air was keen, even cold.

The boats generally carry one large sail when the breeze is favourable. They have no anchors, and bring to at night by means of a staff and rope; the latter fastened to the head of the vessel, and the former taken on shore, and pointed diagonally towards the earth; the stream, at the same time taking the boat down, forces in the staff until it is far enough to hold; and this is termed lugaoing.

The first day we brought to near Humber, a distance of ten coss, or twenty miles; and dined on shore, to the delight and edification of a host of ebony villagers, who watched most intently the mysterious communication of spoons and forks with our mouths, and other wonders of civilisation.

During our evening walk we saw nothing but a profusion of the wild caper; a very pretty shrub, with pink flowers, shaped like the fuschia. At daybreak, on the 23rd, we quitted our resting-

place, having as yet met with no scenery on the Sutlej worthy of notice — low flat banks on either side, with a little Indian corn at intervals; and no objects of any interest, save large herds of fat buffaloes, performing their ablutions in the river. We passed the night near a small Sikh village, our progress during the day being, as before, twenty miles. The following morning, at the dawn of day, we started for Ferozepoor, and reached the Ghaut, some little distance from the cantonment, on the evening of the same day.

Here the hire of the boats is paid in advance, and varies according to their scarcity at the time of engagement.

The store of provisions is increased at Ferozepoor — as much fresh meat and bread as will keep good: the latter in a few days becomes unpalatable, and the Indian fare of chepatties must be substituted — a thin cake made of flour and water, sometimes improved by the addition of a little butter. Preserved soups and meats, dried fruits, eggs, and rice, are the most useful stores.

On the 26th we were baffled by a strong head wind, which caused a detention of four hours. The boats are incapable of facing an adverse breeze, even with the current in their favour, and

are obliged to bring to till the return of a favourable wind.

At daybreak on the 27th we pursued our course. The Sutlej is very tortuous, and the sand-banks in all parts of the stream continually impede the progress of the boat; they are of all forms and sizes, frequently so numerous and extensive as to render it difficult to judge correctly of the true course of the river. The deepest water is generally to be met with under the banks.

The only sight which enlivened our monotonous voyage on the succeeding day was a large party of alligators basking in the warm sunshine. We brought to on the protected Sikh shore, in the agreeable vicinity of a quicksand.

Our crew were a merry set of dandies; and Rubini or Mario would have listened with jealous ears to the maungy, or principal boatman, warbling in most thrilling tones the melodies of the East. The costume of these gentry is only a slight improvement on the fig leaves which graced the forms of Adam and Eve; a quarter of a yard of coarse cloth, nominally white, decorates the loins, and that, sometimes, of a very holy nature.

On the 29th we started, after a glorious sunrise, and made very favourable progress during

the day; the boats never proceed after sunset. The river has made great inroads on the banks, and immense masses were falling in every direction. The tamarisk tree abounds in the vicinity of the Sutlej—a kind of light feathery-looking fir; at a distance it seems covered with sprigs of coral, the termination of every branch being of that colour, varying from the rest of the tree, which is dark green. In bringing to for the night we carefully avoided the Punjaub shore, on account of the probable attacks of robbers.

The last day of September was one of fearful heat, annihilating every energy of mind and body. As a natural consequence, probably, the maungy was invincibly sulky, and his men hopelessly lazy. The sand-banks were crowded with white storks, which assemble in such numbers that they give the distant banks the appearance of a mass of chalk.

On the 2nd of October, we passed the busy Ghaut of Buwhalpoor; a terrific hot wind prevailed, and prevented a contemplated excursion to the town, which is not visible from the river. It is described as a clean, good, and prosperous town, with a few fine gardens, arranged in the Persian style. There are several establishments for the manufacture of silk and cotton goods, for which

a ready sale is obtained. The men employed work in large sheds, open in front, and seem in a more flourishing condition than the weaver class of operatives in Great Britain.

There are no European residents at Buwhalpoor; but any aid that passengers may require, can be procured from the agent to the political authorities at Ferozepoor.

A most merciless hot wind again prevailed on the 3rd; enormous masses of the banks on either side fell in every direction; and we were consequently treated with a bountiful supply of sand and dust. The maungy steered badly, and lodged the boat in a bed of quicksands, from which we had considerable difficulty in making our escape. The crew working vigorously with poles, at length released us. Towards evening the Soliman range of mountains in Affghanistan was visible, extending through about forty degrees of the horizon; the latter and most lofty portion being distant about eighty-five miles.

At four, on the morning of the 4th, we left our resting-place, observed the junction of the river Chenab with the Sutlej, and made rapid progress during the day, owing to the unusual straightness of the stream. The junction of the Indus and Sutlej takes place near Charchar,

a thickly populated mud-built village; opposite to which is Mittun Khote, supposed by Sir Alexander Burnes to occupy the site of one of the Grecian cities, as the advantage of its position for commerce attracted the attention of Alexander the Great.

We stopped near Charchar at sunset, the Affghan range of mountains before mentioned forming our horizon; and the unfriendly Sikh coast was *vis-à-vis* to our location.

Nothing worthy of record occurred on the 5th, save that we saw some splendid specimens of that fat marine pig, 'yclept a porpoise, emerging for barely a second from their watery bed, and then disappearing with lightning speed. As yet the scenery on the Indus was as uninteresting and flat as that of its sister-stream, the Sutlej the same low banks and sandy plains that have wearied our optical organs, ever since we quitted Loodianah.

On approaching Sukkhur, the soil assumes a more fertile appearance; and from the firmer texture of the bank, the huts are built within a few feet of it, while corn is growing, and cattle safely grazing on its very verge.

The fort of Bukhur is first visible, then the town of Roree, a forest of palm trees, and

Sukkhur on the right. The fort is constructed of sun-burnt bricks, which look as if they would crumble into dust, without the application of any other force than the destroying influence of time. It is long, low, and very penetrable in appearance. The town of Roree consists of a succession of mud tenements, with flat roofs; and the windows look like loopholes, for the admission of one ray of light, and one breath of air. The groves of luxuriant date, palm, and fine mimosa trees, give an Oriental beauty to the three celebrated places above-mentioned.

Approaching Sukkhur from the river, only one rather handsome looking dwelling-house is visible, namely the Residency.

The glare was intense, the heat fervent, and the wide plains of sand reminded us of Egypt. There is one large mosque at Bukhur, bearing the marks of ancient grandeur, but now mostly in ruins, and no part of it is used for worship by the Mussulmen. The fort bears the appearance of great antiquity, and is supposed to be the Munsoora of the ancients. The state of its battlements may be imagined, when it is related that the firing of the mid-day gun did so much injury to them, that the practice was discontinued, and the signal

is given from a small battery, crowning an eminence above Sukkhur.

Sukkhur has evidently been a place of great importance in ancient days. Countless tombs are to be seen in all directions.

From April to August, the thermometer frequently ranges between 120° and 130°: and with every artificial mode of lowering the temperature, few are successful in reducing it much below 90°.

Roree is only a native town, and stands on a flinty precipice, some of the houses overhanging the river, and others sloping inland; a small harbour gives shelter to a large fleet of boats, beyond which is a thick grove of date trees.

At Sukkhur fresh supplies of every description can be procured, and an ample store was laid in for the journey to the mouth of the river, and from thence to Bombay. On the 9th we were once more *en route.* The scenery on the Indus was as devoid of interest as before—a long range of low sand-banks, with a little stunted brushwood at intervals. The river itself is a broad and noble stream. A blithe song from the dandies was all that enlivened the weary hours of the day. They were a dirty-looking set of musicians, with hair intensely black, redolent of grease, and shining like that of the slaves exposed

for sale in the market of old Cairo. The Hala mountains were visible when we stopped for the evening; in these is the celebrated Bolan Pass, crossed by the army of the Indus on its march into Affghanistan.

Every two hours during the night, our rest was disturbed by what is termed a strong backwater.

The following morning an improvement in the scenery gladdened our weary eyes; the left bank of the river was prettily wooded, and the stream much broader than any part of the Nile over which we had passed in journeying through Egypt. The boat of a poor fisherman came sufficiently near us to admit purchases being made, wherewith to regale the dandies and domestics, to say nothing of our worthy selves. Two enormous fishes were offered for one rupee; and the fisherman smiled and salaamed gratefully, as if such silvery tokens of Dame Fortune's favour were rare indeed. We passed Schwan early in the day's course, an ancient Grecian town; in front is the Lukkie range of mountains which terminates near the town. The houses being flat-roofed, small, low, and built of mud, the appearance of the town is not very picturesque. There are various ruined tombs in the vicinity, and the remains of an old castle.

The scenery improves rapidly beyond Schwan; a wild range of rocky hills, on the right bank of the Indus, is diversified at intervals by creepers of every shade of rich beautiful green. On the left bank more signs of cultivation appeared than we had yet seen. The tamarisk and a variety of green shrubs grow down to the water's edge.

The Persian water-wheels were plying vigorously, groaning and creaking on the left bank of the river. It would be a great relief to European ears, if a law were passed, obliging the villagers to bestow a sufficient portion of grease on these machines to prevent the anti-melodious sounds which now issue from them. A deep well is sunk in the bank close to the river, and a small canal cut to communicate therewith, whereby the one is always as high as the other; over this well is a strong, roughly made, upright wheel, round which is a double strap, with from forty to fifty earthen vessels (called kedgeree pots), firmly fixed thereto; a horizontal wheel alongside turned by two oxen, or one strong buffalo, blindfolded, acts upon the spokes of a small upright wheel, which sets the large one in motion; the earthen vessels descend into the well with their mouths downwards, return reversed and full, and at the point of again descending, a trough receives

their contents, which small channels in the ground convey to the requisite distance.

Our nocturnal visiters in the boat were an increasing annoyance; swarms of mosquitoes of extraordinary dimensions, legions of immense bandycoots, racing in ilka quarter, and running *ad libitum* over the forms and faces of the sleeping domestics, who were unblessed with couches to raise them above the ground. Besides these hordes of nimble rats, we were tormented with other unmentionable foes to rest.

We passed the finest shikargahs, or game preserves, that we had yet seen, on the left bank of the Indus; some of these forests are miles in extent, and were formerly kept strictly for the exclusive use of the Ameers.

Many of the natives appeared to great advantage in the Scindian cap; and as we approached Hydrabad, more signs of life and cultivation were evident. We anchored at Kotra, opposite the Ghaut of Hydrabad, at sunset. The latter is two hundred and sixty-five miles from Sukkhur. A scorching hot wind prevailed, which prevented our leaving the boat to visit the capital of Scinde, which is represented as a very extensive place, and in its bazar not only the necessaries, but almost all the luxuries, of life can be procured.

The fort is described by Dr. Burnes as a paltry erection of ill-burnt bricks, crumbling gradually to decay, and incapable of withstanding, for an hour, the attack of regular troops.

During the inundations Hydrabad is all but surrounded by a branch of the Indus, which at other seasons is nearly dry.

The cattle in Scinde, which are very superior in size, colour, and general appearance to the half-starved cattle of Bengal, are seen in herds on the banks of the river. Camels were employed at the Persian wheels, and seemed larger and finer than any we had hitherto seen.

At Kotra we were taken in tow by a steamer belonging to the Indus flotilla. A strong wind in our teeth would otherwise have detained us some hours. There was a great improvement in the scenery after passing Kotra: — rich, green, extensive, and beautiful woods on the right bank of the Indus; on the left, a few low hills, villages, and herds of cattle.

We were more than once alarmed by our boat coming into violent contact with the steamer, which ran aground; the shock was so sudden that two persons, who were quietly seated at table, fell from their arm-chairs to the floor.

On the 14th we brought to, opposite Tatta,

seventy miles from Hydrabad; no view of the place is obtainable from the river. The wind continued strong in our teeth, the river was in great commotion, and heavy waves dashed incessantly against our boat, as we proceeded in the wake of the steamer to the mouth of the Indus.

The second day of our departure from Kotra, we reached Unnee; a very insignificant place, and the last fuel-station of the steamers; yet as it is in the main stream, and leads to the present grand mouth of the Indus, two or three boats may generally be met with there, taking in cargo for Bombay.

On the evening of the 14th, we arrived at the mouth of the river. A country boat with a favorable wind generally arrives there in seven days from Hydrabad.

At the mouth of the river is one of the most unhealthy swamps in Scinde; and there we remained in durance vile for three days, awaiting the arrival of a pattimar from Kurrachee.

At length that crazy-looking uncivilised vessel appeared. The entrance to and exit from the pattimar requires some steadiness of nerve and agility of movement. The side of the boat has a very forbidding aspect, even for those who are blessed with a natural genius for climbing; and

the wretched ladder, arranged for the accommodation of passengers, seems adapted to the express purpose of giving them an easy death by drowning. The cabin was five feet in height and six in breadth, the front open, *pro bono publico;* beneath this was a dark hole, dignified with the same name; the deck, of small dimensions, consisted of a few loose broken planks; beyond this was the *cuisine* of our crew (four men and two boys) and servants; in advance of these were goats, kids, sheep, and fowls, emitting odours not "of Araby the blest." Between our cabin and the *soi-disant* deck was a chasm three feet in depth, in continually crossing which we had many favourable opportunities of breaking our legs. Every plank in the vessel looked time-worn and worm-eaten. The dirt seemed the accumulation of years; and the cleansing properties of water appeared equally unknown to the Cutch sailors who formed our crew. The eldest of these was a very devout mariner, who seemed to perform his orisons for the general benefit of the party on board, setting a worthy example to the other boatmen, which they were apparently very unwilling to follow.

The invariable answer of the old sailor, when questioned as to the probable time of reaching Bombay, was always, "It depends upon God."

We were frequently desired by him to eät a hearty dinner, to induce a favourable gale;—a method of securing a propitious wind probably unknown to British sailors, and therefore recorded for their edification.

The Cutch boatmen navigate principally by guess, having a very indifferent compass and no chart. Though sometimes out of sight of land for two or three days together, it is said that they rarely make an erroneous calculation.

We reached Cape Juggut, at the entrance of the Gulf of Cutch, the second day after our departure from the mouth of the river. The temple there has an odour of sanctity, which causes a constant influx of pious pilgrims from all parts of India.

After a prosperous voyage of five days, we reached Bombay with thankful hearts, having encountered many perils by land and water; and, through God's mercy, reached the desired haven in safety.

CHAP. VIII.

FROM BOMBAY TO ALEXANDRIA. — MALTA TO SOUTHAMPTON. — PARIS. — MARSEILLES. — NAPLES.

A FEW days after our arrival at the Victoria—a very good hotel at Bombay, we accepted the kind invitation of a friend to pass the remaining interval of our time, previous to the departure of the mail steamer for Suez, at his residence in Byculla—a quiet and pretty home, where the injunction of the Apostle, "Use hospitality without grudging," was one of the golden rules most faithfully observed by the lord of the mansion, a liberal steward of God's bounty, and a most kind and agreeable host. We quitted his hospitable roof with great regret, for a cabin share in the floating world of a stèamer.

On the first day of a wintry month, we took our departure from the celebrated Presidency, in one of the best vessels in the service, commanded by a skilful and popular captain, containing good accommodation, and not more than thirty

passengers. Two very pretty young widows were among the number. Twice two ladies were homeward bound in search of health; and others, with their husbands, in search of a happiness not to be found in exile. India is a Siberia to those who possess at home the dearest ties of existence.

We were blessed with fine weather for our voyage, a tranquil sea, a gentle and favourable breeze; and the motion of the steamer was scarcely perceptible.

The coast of Arabia was the first land visible, about the seventh day. Some of the mountains in sight were said to be five thousand feet above the level of the sea.

We anchored at Aden on the ninth day — a day of coal-dust and discomfort to us, and apparently a jubilee for the Seedees, — men from the coast of Zanzibar, engaged to trans-ship the coals. Their shouting, clapping of hands, and savage dancing continued without intermission during the day — one of heavy labour, rendered still heavier by their wild movements and vehement vociferation while at work.

The day after our departure from Aden, we entered the Straits of Babelmandel.

Few navigators venture to undertake this perilous passage at night, the channel between

Perim Island, off the Peak of Babelmandel, and the cluster of small volcanic rocks called the Brothers, being but a few miles in breadth.

Some hours' sailing brought us within sight of Mocha, a large neat-looking town, constructed of white stone. Date trees abound to the southward; to the north a fort is visible; and in the rear are long ranges of hills.

The next object that diversified the monotony of our voyage, was a volcanic mountain, called Jebbel Teer, visible at sunrise; and of deeper interest than any other was the vision of the sacred mounts, Sinai and Horeb. Beyond these, on the opposite side, was the spot from which the children of Israel crossed, after their departure from Egypt. At a distance, the rocks in the vicinity have the appearance of tents.

On the following morning we anchored near Suez; and reached terra firma in safety, after a perilous passage from the vessel in a crazy boat, with a one-eyed helmsman, and a ragged urchin his assistant.

After a wretched breakfast at the Suez hotel, the living cargo was deposited in various vans for the transit across the desert.

Since our previous journey some changes for the worse had occurred, some for the better.

Among the evils, in addition to those before enumerated, one of the greatest was the dismissal of all the European drivers; thus the luckless passengers were left to the tender mercies of Arabs as wild as the horses they drove. The animals were perfectly uncontrollable, on starting from the station-houses; the Arab coachmen drove as if pursued by the Furies, and we were in constant peril of life or limb. The vans were *in statu quo;* but some signs of improvement were visible in the fare at the stations, which was not, as before, restricted to the apparitions of half-starved chickens and *omelettes* of bad eggs, but as good as any to be met with at the hotel at Cairo.

We remained a day or two at the last-named place, awaiting the arrival of the Nile steamer from Alexandria.

At an early hour in the morning, in a dense fog, we embarked from Boulac, and passed a sleepless night on board the steamer. The small cabin was filled to overflowing, though only half the usual number of passengers was present.

A brief rest was permitted at Alexandria, previous to our departure in the Great Liverpool. Immediately after all the birds of passage had flocked in, the splendid steamer was put under way. Every possible comfort, attainable in a

vessel, is procurable in the Liverpool.* The good order, cleanliness, and regularity prevailing in every department are highly and deservedly praised. Princely fare is provided for the passengers; and nothing can exceed the liberality of the arrangements on board. All the luxury which prevails, cannot, however, soothe the disturbed spirits (and stomachs) of those who suffer from sea-sickness. The pitching and rolling with which the Liverpool amuses its passengers, even in a still calm sea, is inconceivable to all but the practically enlightened. It is a sort of Polka with the waves, very disturbing to the harmony of the inner man. We reached Malta in four days, and remained there some hours in quarantine.

The first view of any interest after leaving the island was the coast of Grenada; the Sierra Nerada range of mountains forming a fine background, and the towns of Mora and Toros, built on rocky hills, in front.

A more welcome sight was the next in succession; the town of Gibraltar, surrounded by a strongly fortified wall. Houses are built almost to the summit of the gigantic rock; and though from the sea all looks arid and dreary, those who

* This splendid ship has been lost while these pages were going through the press.

were well acquainted with the interior, assured us there was no want of foliage and flowers, in the gardens attached to many of the houses.

We afterwards passed the celebrated Cape of St. Vincent; the town bearing this name is situated on a high rock. Twenty-four hours further sailing brought us near Cape Paniche, and the "light-house opposite the Burlings."

After passing Cape Finisterre, we were kindly treated both by winds and waves in the dreaded Bay of Biscay, and equally fortunate in the English Channel.

After a very favourable and speedy passage, we reached dear Old England in safety; and then, as it is *la grande mode* to keep moving, journeyed without loss of time to Paris, and then made immediate arrangements for a continental tour.

The very words will alarm the "gentle public," become quite nervous under similar inflictions. Grant but a small portion of patience, and still smaller allotment of time, kind public, good public, and the "plain unvarnished tale" will soon be told of "a glance at the continent."

On the 12th day of January 18—, three merry souls left a sainted avenue, in the pleasant neighbourhood of the Elysian Fields; and undismayed by the sight of snow many inches deep on the

ground, the bitterest cold we had experienced in *la belle France,* and the manifold miseries of a narrow *coupé* in La Fitte's diligence, we journeyed to Marseilles with a warmth of sunshine in our hearts which set all physical evils at defiance.

The snow lay in masses on the hills, and many of the valleys were like a sheet of ice. The spirit of the winds howled dismally, the roads were superlatively heavy, and even our own joyous spirits were soon bereft of their elasticity from the toils of the pilgrimage. About four leagues from Lyons vineyards abound, and the plains are richly cultivated. We had a distant glimpse of the snowy Alps, and the next scene in the day's journey would have formed a noble subject for a painter's skill. A dark pine wood in the foreground, undulating hills, pretty valleys, neat cottages, and a glorious sunlight on the distant mountain range.

We passed one day at Marseilles, and the following morning embarked for Naples in the L—— steamer.

During the whole voyage we were contending with a rough sea and tempestuous wind.

A large proportion of the passengers on board were Scotch, English, and French; and there was one solitary specimen of American solidity, a Jonathan of most ponderous dimensions.

The first night we all sang the *miserere* in full chorus, with an appropriate accompaniment of groans and sighs. The rolling and pitching of the vessel never ceased till the following morning, when we anchored at Genoa. The approach from the harbour is very picturesque; numerous villas and palaces are visible, and luxuriant groves of olive trees.

The landing at the quay is dirty and wretched in the extreme; it is infested with hordes of idle, noisy, ragged, dirty, Italian boys. On entering the town we were freed from this walking pestilence; and gazed with delight at the handsome faces of the Genoese women, with snow-white muslin veils folded gracefully over their heads. At the hotel named La Croix de Malte, we found an excellent *table-d'-hôte;* but the house was scarcely endurable from the odours vile in all quarters, and men were appointed to do the duties of a *femme de chambre.* We saw some exquisite specimens of workmanship, in a variety of the silver ornaments for which Genoa is famed, in a room at the hotel, arranged with the utmost taste for the purpose of tempting visiters to become purchasers.

We glanced rapidly at the most celebrated churches and palaces. The first inspected was the

Chiesa delle Scuole, not remarkable for size, but the repository of some elegantly finished sculptures in marble, on scriptural subjects.

The cathedral, said to be twelve hundred years old, is a very curious building. A splendid chapel in the interior is dedicated to the remains of St. John the Baptist; and the mosaics are wonderful; but the pictures and altars are disfigured by tawdry hearts and flames of tin and brass, the "thanks' offerings" of the sick restored to health.

The principal streets of Genoa are exceedingly handsome, and their cleanliness remarkable.

The church of L'Annunziata is a very costly building; and one dedicated to St. Ambrose superb.

We visited various magnificent palaces, among them the most worthy of notice are the Palazzo Ducale, and the Palazzo Pallavicini. The former constructed of the purest white marble, with superb council and senatorial chambers. The latter a gorgeous edifice, most luxuriously furnished, and possessing a fine collection of paintings.

After this brief interval of enjoyment on terra-firma, we returned unwillingly to the vessel. The following day was too tempestuous to admit of our landing at Leghorn, and the succeeding one too cold for exploring Civita Vecchia.

Early on the morning of the Sabbath, we hailed with delight the first view of Ischia, Capri, and Procida, and shortly after anchored in the matchless Bay of Naples. The summit of Vesuvius was gilded with the sunlight of a glorious Italian day. A world of beauty is described in the last three words; and perfect is the realisation of every early dream connected with this fairy-land, where bright flowers sport in the sunbeam's smile, and the breeze is laden with fragrant balm — the heavens are fair as the first dream of love, and care in the sunshine of nature sleeps. We found every hotel brimful; but at length succeeded in obtaining a superb suite of private apartments commanding a beautiful view of Vesuvius, the bay in its calm beauty, the pretty islands of Ischia and Capri, and Naples looking like a city of marble in the distance.

Our first excursion was to Castella Mare in a deluge of rain; the town is beautifully situated with lofty mountains in the rear, and a fine expanse of sea and land view. The drive from Castella Mare to Sorrento is indescribably lovely; the fine road hollowed out of stupendous rocks winding along the sea-shore; and a succession of beautiful views, rich orange groves, lofty hills covered with olive trees, deep ravines, and rocky chasms; in the

distance snowy peaks and cloud-capped mountains and pretty villas, villages, and vineyards. We visited the villa of Tasso at Sorrento, which has been too frequently described to need any further details. In the town itself there is nothing particularly worthy of notice, save the danger incurred in driving through its marvellously narrow streets. The drive from Castella Mare to Pompeii is full of beauty; a range of snowy mountains on the right, the distant peaks gilded when we saw them with the bright rays of morning sunshine, and the air sweetly scented by beanfields in full blossom.

* The weeping willows near the gate leading to La Strada dei Sepolcri, at Pompeii, look like drooping mourners over the doomed city. One tomb is peculiarly perfect and beautiful, with an appropriate sculpture, representing a boat just entering its haven of rest.

One of the most interesting sights in the city of the dead is the villa of Diomede, with its fine frescoes, baths, subterranean vaults for wine, and stone pitchers, in a wonderful state of preservation. We explored the fine ruins of the Temple of Isis, and the house of the Paone with a superb mosaic representing the meeting of Alexander and Darius. Sallust's luxurious villa, the mosaic fountain, the Poet's house, forum, theatre and

Temple of Fortune, are in a miraculously perfect condition.

We visited Herculaneum, and were lighted through the damp, dark, winding passages of the vast theatre by three ragamuffin boys with as many farthing rushlights. Two of these brilliant luminaries were rapidly extinguished by a puff of wind, and our enthusiasm in the cause of sight-seeing under ground was quenched at the same moment. We painfully felt that the one remaining light might soon experience the fate of its predecessors, and leave us surrounded by darkness visible; accordingly a speedy retreat was effected, and the contrast of our walk in the gardens appropriately named the Delizie del Re, after the deep gloom, the oppressive obscurity of Herculaneum, was exhilarating. Every variety of beautiful tint brightened the fresh green foliage of the shady paths, and the smooth grassy slopes were worthy of an English park.

One delightful drive was frequently repeated on the Strada Nuova; leaving the carriage at the bottom of the hill *en face* L' Isle de Nisida, we walked through vineyards to the school of Virgil. There was exquisite beauty on the earth and brightness in the heavens. We passed through a newly excavated and fine grotto resembling that

of Posilipo. The path winds round stupendous rocks on one side, and on the other is a killing precipice with the sea beyond it.

The drive to Capo di Monte is delightful; we saw every thing to be seen in the palace which is not worth seeing; walked through pleasant gardens, fine woods, and on soft green sward; and were duly introduced to a large party of silver pheasants, peacocks, turkeys, and other live and lively et ceteras.

Several mornings were dedicated to the inspection of Neapolitan churches. In La V[illegible]viata we strained our eyes in a vain endeavour to see what is evidently not open to heretic vision, though clearly discerned by the eyes of the faithful; viz. the holy bones of St. Jannarius. The Jaspar columns near the altar of this church are very fine.

In Santa Chiara there are beautiful mosaics, a superb Egyptian pillar, and a gorgeously gilded roof with exquisite frescoes.

The finest sculpture of the Saviour after his crucifixion, by San Martino, is visible in the small church of St. Severe.

There are beautiful mosaics in San Severino, and some good pictures. One of the subjects chosen is Jesus in a Washing-tub!

We paid three visits to the Studio, where the

pictures are not remarkable, and the sculptures are. The variety of pots and pans from Herculaneum form a very interesting and edifying exhibition.

"See Naples and then die!" Far from it; the trav[e]l[l]er should live long with the remembrance of all its surpassing loveliness treasured in the inmost depth of his heart and soul —

> "'Tis a vision of deep enchanted bliss,
> A golden spot in the world's tearful vale.
> 'Twill brighten the light of the beaming eye,
> And the glow of love in the fervent heart.
> There the flowers their sweetest essence breathe,
> Caress'd by the gentle southern gale.
> And Heaven's bright smile doth in gladness beam
> Where the spirit of life and love is blest."

On the last day of March the travellers were again *en route*, and breakfasted at Capua, a fortified town in a beautiful and richly cultivated country; the snowy range of Appennine mountains on our right as we pursued our journey, the sea in the distance, wooded hills, lovely valleys, and groves of olive, and exquisite tints, such as only an Italian sun can give, on the whole scene of beauty.

Mola, where we rested one night, is indescribably lovely, and girded by mountains bordering on the sea with Gaetà at the distance of five leagues.

We were much amused at the style of attendance and fare reserved for the *voyageur en Vetturino.*

A room opening into the kitchen; one table for ourselves; another occupied by some half dozen Abigails, apparently of high degree in fashionable "life below stairs;" at the third table were coachmen, postillions and other such noble and distinguished gentleman.

After crossing the Pontine Marshes in torrents of rain, we reached Cisterno; there dined, and slept, and met with the same flattering attention as at Mola.

To Rome another chapter must be especially dedicated.

CHAP. IX.

ROME AND FLORENCE.

ROME, the unique, the queen of cities, we reached on a beautiful Spring morning. Swarms of our countrymen and women had preceded us, and we had great difficulty in finding a temporary home. At length we were well accomodated in a *pension bourgeoise*, in the Corso, where we found a large society of English, Irish, Scotch, and Americans.

Among the gentlemen, was one eligible bachelor, resembling the caricatures of love among the roses, smiling complacently over a marvellous circumference of flesh, with a pleasing placidity of visage and graceful dignity of demeanour. And many sweet flowers of spinsterhood were there assembled, and interesting specimens of lights from the New World. The Americans finding no spitoons, provided for their especial convenience, converted the carpet into what a witty and popular writer terms an "instrumentoon for the reception of saliva."

"The earliest sight
We saw with delight,
In the sunshine bright,"

was the Colosseum, where our weak minds were astounded at the grandeur of the gigantic ruin, worthy to be the scene of a higher order of amusement than any ever witnessed there. Wild flowers and ivy twine gracefully round the arched ruins. In the centre of the amphitheatre is a wooden cross, on which was inscribed, "Plenary indulgence for one hundred days," to any of the privileged faithful who kissed it. We ascended to the highest circle of the Colosseum to see what our optical organs were not keen enough to discover — the seven hills of Rome.

Our next visit was to St. Peter's. No painting, no model, can give a just idea of its stupendous grandeur. You may exhaust every superlative and expletive in the English or any other language, in vain; the reality must exceed all. Nothing can surpass the beauty of the mosaics; copies of Raphael's splendid pictures; the finest are the Transfiguration, and the Baptism of the Saviour. The bronze altar is richly gilded, and the Egyptian columns have a fine effect. Canova's statues of popes "lang syne" defunct, are admirable, and the lions, executed by the same master-hand,

wonderful. We ascended the cupola, and mounted the perpendicular iron ladder leading into the ball, accompanied by an active sexagenarian; and on descending, rang the great bell of St. Peter's, with striking effect.

Santa Maria Maggiore is one of the most magnificent churches in the world, richly decorated with marble, jasper, alabaster, mosaic, lapis lazuli, and granite, fine sculpture, and gorgeous gilding surpassing St. Peter's in splendour. The frescoes are very beautiful; indeed, the whole building surpasses description.

We inspected the Columbarium, a repository for the ashes of the ancients, valuable relics of past times, and doubtless of deep interest to the antiquary.

The Protestant cemetery is a quiet home for the dead, tastefully arranged and adorned with roses and evergreens in rich abundance.

At the church of St. John Lateran, heretics are permitted to see a large piece of the table where the Saviour ate the last supper, and are confidently assured that the genuine head of St. Paul is preserved in a fine cenotaph there. Constantine's baptistry, adjoining St. John's, contains nothing worthy of notice. Jews, Turks,

Infidels, and heretics, are alike permitted to perform the baptismal ceremony here.

Santa Maria degli Angeli is a magnificent church, profusely decorated, yet with exquisite taste, in the same style as Santa Maria Maggiore, and adorned with every precious gem procurable in Christendom. Beautiful piétra dura altars, superb alto and basso rilievos, fine frescoes, a richly gilded roof, and one of the most splendid chapels in Rome — the chapel Borghese.

A few miles from the town, on the spot where St. Paul was executed, are three small ancient chapels. The head of the great Apostle is reported to have taken three bounds; and, at the same moment, the same number of miraculous fountains issued from the ground.

The Tempio Berenini is a small temple, erected over the spot where St. Peter was executed, about three miles beyond the gates of Rome; and the very stone on which the saint was beheaded is here exhibited.

The drive from Rome to Tivoli is delightful, and the ruins of Adrian's villa are peculiarly beautiful. The pen of Eustace only could do justice to the view of the Vale of Tempe. The surrounding hills are covered with olive and cypress trees, the contrast between the dark

green of the latter, and the silvery-looking foliage of the former, is very fine. With the far-famed falls of Tivoli we were greatly disappointed.

In mercy to the public the journalist refrains from detailing the wonders of art and science, exhibited in the studios, palaces, galleries, &c. at Rome, all having before been so fully and minutely described by tourists innumerable, in letters, sketches, guide-books, hand-books, &c.

We quitted the Queen of cities with great regret, and in five hours reached Baccano, having passed over a hilly and cultivated country. Rich golden broom and abundance of wild flowers decorated the road. The grand range of the snowy Apennines was visible on our right. On the left, rocky glens, fresh green meadows, wild untrimmed hedges, gaily decked with thyme, woodbine, and a lovely deep blue flower, called *non so che!* We passed through Neppi, a picturesque fortified town; and in the evening arrived at Civita Castellana, which is beautifully situated; the bridge crosses a superb rocky ravine, covered with shrubs and flowers; miniature cascades, and murmuring rivulets, are visible and audible, *au fond.*

The grass was glittering with diamond dewdrops when we commenced our early journey, on

the following morning. After five hours' travelling, we reached Narni to breakfast at L'hôtel de la Cloche, having passed through splendid mountain scenery, sunny riant valleys, lofty hills richly wooded to the very summit, picturesque ravines, rocks decorated with luxuriant wild flowers, and fine gorges in the hills; these were the scenes on which our eyes feasted.

Towards the middle of the day, we arrived at Terni, and immediately started for the falls. We drove over a noble road, cut in a stupendous rock, with a tremendous precipice on the left. The succession of views during the drive was beautiful, and there were wild flowers enough for a floricultural exhibition.

The falls are superlatively fine, and the vivid rainbow colours, formed by the rays of the sun reflected on the spray, were very lovely. The distant line of blue hills was tinged with gold by the setting sun. In the vicinity of Terni roses are cultivated in the hedges, and they imparted a delicious fragrance to the evening air on our return. The quietude and beauty of the scene, after the imposing splendour of the falls, was delightful.

Nota bene.—We slept this night in a flealess bed (a rare thing in Italy), inhaling odours vile,

from the stables adjoining our room in the Hôtel de la Poste.

Early the following day we were *en route* for Foligno. We crossed a branch of the Apennines, and again feasted on the contemplation of magnificent scenery, fine gorges and mountain ravines, &c.

We breakfasted at Spoléto, remarkable for bugs. There we beheld Hannibal's Gate, which is very curious and very ancient. We saw the Temple of Clitumnus *en route*, the façade is extremely pretty, with columns of ancient marble, fluted Corinthian pillars, and others composite and Egyptian.

We arrived at Foligno in the evening, which is charmingly situated in a *riant paysage*. After resting one night at La Poste, we started the following morning, and travelled through a richly cultivated country; fields of trefoil, fine grain, and the bright poppy glowing in the sunshine. Woodbine and wild roses abounding in the hedges bordering on the road, and vineyards on both sides. We breakfasted at Pérugia, a fine ancient town, situated on a high hill, and strongly fortified by nature and bricks. It is surrounded by mountains, a snowy range forming the most distant boundary. We visited the old cathedral

of Pérugia, which has no beauty, external or internal. Perched on a red stand in the centre of the building, is a large representation in wax of the Virgin, with a tin crown on her head, and a smart blue train studded with radiant stars of the same costly metal. Several bad pictures, and one good one, form the principal decoration of the cathedral. The House of Delegates is of great antiquity, but of no beauty.

Through a varied and beautiful country we travelled to Basignano on the borders of the lake Thrasymene; where, at a small dirty inn fronting the lake, we had the most miserable dinner that ever fell to the lot of the hungry; abominable uneatable soup, fish and flesh superlatively bad, and water of the same quality. Early the following morning we were again *en route;* and breakfasted at Castiglione Fiorentina. We passed the night at a very pretty place named Monte Varchi; but all the beauties of the scene were lost on the journalist, who was then too ill to know, as Miss Martineau says, "how to observe."

After journeying through a smiling country we reached the far-famed land of Florence, passed one night at Schneider's hotel, and "located" in very pleasant apartments the next morning, opposite to the church of San Gaétano; where we heard a

fine mass for the benefit of the collected dead, of ages past and modern days.

In the evening we drove to the Boboli Palace and gardens. The palace is a handsome solid building, and the gardens are delightful; charming walks, gay flowers, and good sculptures abounding in every direction.

The Galleria was next visited; and there we were enchanted, spell-bound, wonder-struck, with the exquisite works of art collected. The Venus de Medicis is perfect, save the hands. "The dimples in her back," are pronounced "exquisite" by Mrs. Trollope. Coreggio's lovely Madonna, kneeling in worshipful contemplation of the infant Jesus, is one of the finest pictures in the Tribune. Guercino's Samian Sybil is beautiful; and Titian's pictures of the recumbent Venus are superbly painted.

Benvenuto Cellini's vase of lapis lazuli with diamond handles, is one of the most beautiful things in the collection of gems.

In The Hall of the Niobes the statue of the mother, with a kneeling child at her feet, is very finely executed. Notti's Nativities are noble pictures: an effulgence of divine light is reflected from the infant Saviour on all around him; the

group is admirable; and Carlo Dolci's Magdalen perfection.

The piétra dura tables are marvellous works of art; and among the bronzes John of Bologna's Mercury seems a miraculous evidence of talent.

Our next visit was to Bello Sguardo, at present the property of an Italian nobleman, and formerly the residence of Galileo. It commands a beautiful view; the valley of the Arno, Firenze la Bella, encircled by a noble range of the Apennines, and the hills studded with innumerable villas. The distant mountains were gilded with the heavenly light of an Italian sunset. We sat some time on the terrace where Galileo had gazed so often on the starry wonders of the heavens, and penetrated some of the deep mysteries of the solar system. We walked in the tastefully arranged garden he had carefully cultivated himself; and saw, at the entrance, a fine bust of the great astronomer.

The churches at Florence are scarcely worthy of a visit after having seen all the gorgeous splendour of those at Rome. The Duomo of black and white marble, is externally a handsome building; but the interior, dark, gloomy, and with no other embellishment than painted glass windows.

St. Giovanni has a fine dome, but is destitute of

any other claim to admiration. The exterior of Santa Croce is very rude; the interior interesting, the tombs of Dante, Michael Angelo, Galileo, and Machiavelli being there.

In the Palazzo Pitti we spent many delightful hours; the suite of apartments is superb, the frescoes beautiful, and the paintings surpass all description. In Marie's room the Madonna della Seggiola and Raphael's Holy Family, are the most glorious of that great master's works. In Jupiter's room Salvator Rosa's Cataline, and Michael Angelo's wonderful picture of the Fates, are the finest.

Guido's magnificent Cleopatra is in Saturn's room; and a touching picture of San Rosa by Carlo Dolci, exemplifying the meekest resignation. In the same apartment is a curious Magdalen by Domenichino, with a jolly red nose.

In Ulysses' room are some beautiful miniatures, and an exquisite painting by Salvator Rosa, Paese con Ponte.

There are magnificent tables of piëtra dura in the Iliad room; and Perugino's picture of the Infant Jesus, adored by the Virgin and St. John, is very beautiful.

We paid more than one visit to the Loggia

dei Lanzi. John of Bologna's Rape of the Sabines is very finely executed. Benvenuto Cellini's Perseus with Medusa's Head is hideous. The blood streaming from the head looks more like the coarse hair of a horse's tail, and the position of the figure is wretched.

We greatly enjoyed a morning drive to Careggi, passing through a delightful country abounding in rich corn fields, vines, olive groves, and pretty villas, built almost to the summit of the mountains. On the evening of the same day we walked through a large garden near Florence, swarming with countless myriads of fire-flies, sparkling as diamonds, and looking like a constellation of stars fallen from heaven.

One of the many pleasant drives in the vicinity of Florence is to Demidoff's villa; an extensive silk manufactory is there established, where women work from five in the morning till seven in the evening. The gardens are pretty though neglected.

The drive to Fiésole is through a lovely country, pretty villas far and near; the pink cluster-rose in rich luxuriant garlands drooping over the walls and hedges, the classic waters of the Arno flowing on our right, and the distant hills covered with cottages and villas. The church at Fiésole is curious and ancient, but not handsome.

We paid a brief visit to the Belli Arti, and saw very few good, many indifferent, and some bad, modern paintings.

The piétra dura manufactory is well worth a morning's visit. We afterwards drove to Ponte Allabadia. The hills were covered with olives, and the succession of views was very interesting. Here we met a literary lady of some celebrity fast asleep in her carriage, having come, doubtless, for the express purpose of enjoying the beautiful repose of nature on a lovely evening in May, and admiring the scenery in the vicinity of Ponte Allabadia.

San Lorenzo is one of the gloomiest churches in Florence, and the fine sepulchral chapel of the Medicis still more so. The highly polished marble at the base is splendid, but the upper part grey, dismal, and looking little better than slate. We were presumptuous enough to be much dissatisfied with the statues of Michael Angelo.

The senate room of the Medicis at the Galleria is a magnificent apartment, with fine frescoes and gilded roof, and admirable specimens of sculpture. We walked through the secret passage, from the Pitti to the Palazzo Vecchio.

The Campo Santo of the Protestants is very pretty and tasteful in its arrangements. Fleurs de

lis, roses, geranium, cypress, and weeping willow, adorn the graves; and the view from the cemetery is very fine.

The Carcine gardens are a delightful resort, and the evening drive most *à la mode* in Florence. The Grand Duke has a dairy there, and the fattest and finest cows in the Tuscan states.

No external signs of poverty are visible in Tuscany; there is an air of general prosperity and happiness not to be met with in the papal dominions.

Florence in the language of Laman Blanchard has: —

A charm no lip or lyre can tell,
  No colour can reveal;
A mystic sound that rises round,
Till the echoing earth seems hallow'd ground.
. . . . the painter's skill
Hath rarely feign'd a scene more fair.

CHAP. X.

FLORENCE.—VENICE.—THE TYROL.—BAVARIA.

On quitting Florence, we passed through a very beautiful country; fine ranges of the Apennine mountains, richly cultivated valleys and hedgerows gay with pomegranate, and clematis 'yclept "the traveller's joy," the white convolvulus, and a most luxurious display of golden broom. A good breakfast after the morning drive was very acceptable at the Albergo delle Maschere, situated in a peaceful valley girded by mountains. After resting a few hours, we pursued our journey through splendid mountain passes, lovely glens, rugged rocks, and smiling vales; wild roses, woodbine, and broom flowering by the road-side. One mile from Piétra Male is the Fattoria, a very clean new inn, from which we started at an early hour the following morning. The country we travelled through was unfruitful, wild, and mountainous. Our first glimpse of the Adriatic was at the entrance of the papal states; at the *douane*,

where we were treated with great courtesy, owing to the judicious application of a silvery argument, which rarely fails to move the tender sensibilities of a *douanier*. After passing through the custom-house triumphantly, we pursued our way, reached Pianora to breakfast, and arrived in due time at Bologna; our quarters at the Aigle Noir were clean and the fare tolerably good.

The appearance of Bologna is handsome, and every street improved by colonnades. As in duty bound, we visited the Galleria, feasted our eyes Guido's superb Andrea di Corsini, Doge of Venice, and were greatly disappointed with his far-famed picture of the Crucifixion; the two figures of the mourning Marys are beautiful, but that of the Saviour is wretched; the word is written and cannot be recalled, even if the ghost of the departed genius should rise and condemn the daring and ignorance of the presumptuous critic. We were spell bound by Raphael's group with Saint Cecilia, though her saintship is rather too fat to be altogether graceful. Guido's Massacre of the Innocents is magnificent; and the Martyrdom of St. Agnes by Domenichino, a very fine but terrible representation of the reality. There was one most curious and irreverent picture of the Virgin standing on a half moon, and the Almighty

applying both hands to the Madonna's shoulders, to lift her up into heaven.

At the Galleria Sampieri is a second Cleopatra by Guido, not quite so finished as that in the Pitti Palace, and with the same defect in the hand, but still very beautiful. There is a curious picture also of Gesù Bambino sulla Croce, swaddled after the Italian fashion, and looking very like an Egyptian mummy. Titian's Doge is superb, and the frescoes by Guercino very fine.

The churches of St. Jacques and Petronio are handsome, but the interior is not decorated with sculpture or painting in either building. In the latter the coronation of Charles VI. took place, and it contains Cassini's celebrated meridian. The cathedral is a very fine and ancient structure.

Nota Bene, for travellers to Bologna.—Stay as short a time as you possibly can, or run the risk of being devoured alive by fleas.

We left the Aigle Noir most joyfully, the morning after our arrival at Bologna, and reached Il Thé, to breakfast badly, before noon. The rest of the day's journey was very uninteresting. In the evening we arrived at the inn of the Three redoubtable Maures, at Ferrara.

Our first visit was to the tomb of Ariosto; the

second to his house, where all is said to be arranged as the great poet left it. We gazed reverently at the time-worn, hard, and comfortless arm chair, once his favourite seat; and saw an inkstand made for him by the Grand Duke's own hands. The account-book of the poet, and letters to a friend in a most illegible hand, are among the treasured remembrances of the dead, carefully preserved in the public library of Ferrara. There we also saw the original MSS. of Tasso's Gerusalemme, in most barbarous characters. Guarini's Pastor Fido is one of the sacred relics, and the first copy of Orlando Furioso. Also richly illuminated books of the Psalms, and an Old Testament found in one of the ancient monasteries at Ferrara; in the latter was a most singular picture—Eve's head, shoulders, and waist, emerging from Adam's rib, and the Almighty pulling out the other members of her body.

In the Hospital of St. Anna we saw Tasso's miserable cell, with two grated windows, one looking on the Ducal Palace where the proud Eleanor lived; the other, on the garden attached to the hospital; the pavement was quite worn away.

Guido's last fresco is suspended above the altar

in the very handsome church of the Dominicans; and every little chapel in the building has altars of fine marble .

The Chiesa della Rosa contains a most curious sculpture; a group surrounding the Saviour, consisting of the centurion, the three Marys, and one other figure, in various attitudes of grief; in coarse plaster, coloured, and the position of every figure admirable.

We were thankful to leave Ferrara, its dismal streets, horrid smells, swarming fleas, dirty inn, &c. It looks like a city of the dead; a fitting haunt for suicide, murder, and every imaginable diabolical deed. And yet there is a lively gondola song, which describes most melodiously the "Sponde ridenti di Ferrara." Either this is a poetical licence, or the author was blind.

After leaving this most melancholy town, we crossed the Po, a very fine river, on a *pont volant;* passed through a flat uninteresting but cultivated country, and breakfasted at Rovigo, a small but cheerful-looking town. We had very indifferent fare at Les Trois Couronnes.

On leaving Rovigo we passed through a long avenue of trees, poplars, elms, and ash, with vines twined in graceful festoons from tree to tree.

At Monselice our quarters for the night were

engaged at La Posta; and again very indifferent fare provided. On calling for a *bain de pied*, we were furnished with saucepans! the former useful and ornamental article not being procurable at the hotel.

Seven miles from Monselice are the house and tomb of Petrarch. The first portion of our drive along the banks of the canal, with a range of hills in the distance, was very pretty, and, after diverging from the high road, beautiful; vines on each side hanging in graceful garlands between ash and poplar trees, and bearing promise of a rich vintage. The first view of Arqua on the slope of a hill, with its snow-white church tower, is exceedingly picturesque; the bright rich blossom of pomegranates forming a bank on one side of the ascent to the village, and flowering among the rocks on the other.

Petrarch's villa is very humble within and without. We saw the chair in which he died, placed in the same room in which he expired. The remains of his favourite cat are enshrined in a glass case. There were coarse rude frescoes of himself and Laura in one of the rooms. We wrote from the inkstand he had used; drank water from the fountain he had built; and visited the rough stone monument over his remains in the "auld

kirkyard;" from the top of the tomb emerges a bronze head of the great poet, with one eye in and the other out.

The womankind of the peasantry at Arqua, like those at Ferrara, had their heads decorated with artificial flowers, even the old, ugly, and grey-haired; some wearing greasy horn-combs, others with sore and dirty pates—all appeared in the same ornament.

Dolo was our first resting place after Monselice, where we were treated with a bad breakfast at a dirty inn. From thence we passed through a pretty country by the banks of the canal to Padua; a clean cheerful town with a handsome square, filled with statues of the learned men sent forth into the world from its far-famed university. The road on quitting the town continues to wind along the banks of the canal, adorned with villas, some of Palladian architecture; towards the evening we arrived at Mestre and there embarked in a gondola for Venice, the rain and wind greeting us very rudely on our passage. The approach to the Queen of the Adriatic is by no means imposing; but once on the grand canal, nothing can exceed the singular interest of the scene. The floating city of palaces is quite unique in its beauty. The Piazza di San Marco a grand unrivalled

square, and the church containing the saint's remains, a matchless specimen of ancient architecture. The interior has a very Oriental look; and the treasury contains one of the richest altar-pieces in the world, superbly gilt and decorated with gems of immense value; splendid candelabras of Venetian gold; and valuable vessels for the altar service. A rude stone chair is shown, as one used by St. Mark when preaching at Alexandria. The mosaic roof of the church is coarse, and the bright polish of the marble columns has yielded to the despoiling touch of time. The mosaic pavement has sunk, and the building itself seems unfit to contend with many further years.

The church of San Giovanni e Paolo is a very handsome building, with superb monuments of sculptured marble, in honour of the defunct Doges. The Madonna with a gold turban on her head, is placed at the entrance of the chapel dedicated to her, which contains the most exquisite alto rilievos in marble, illustrative of Scripture subjects; some fine pictures by Tintoretto; and a superb ceiling with frescoes and rich gilding.

The church of the unshod Carmelites, *alias* Scalzi, is magnificent in its decorations, which are of rare beauty.

We visited the arsenal, the entrance gate to which is very handsome, and the guardian lions from Mount Hymettus, transported in 1687, are superb. We saw the huge naval, and smaller military standards taken from the Turks at the battle of Lepanto; some Bashaw tails of honour, and various warlike weapons; the armour of Henry IV., presented by himself, on being enrolled among the patricians of Venice; and horrible instruments of torture, such as were used by the barbarous inquisitors in days of old. There was also a mannikin suit of armour, in which a poor boy, eight or nine years of age, was found dead on the battle-field of Pavia.

Among the models, the most worthy of admiration is the Bucentaur, gorgeously gilded and decorated with crimson velvet. Also, an ingenious model of Venetian houses built on piles, filled up with earth afterwards, the foundation being of stone arches, on which the rest of the building is constructed.

We spent a few hours on the Lido, the island to which Lord Byron daily resorted, where we inhaled the cool evening breeze of the Adriatic. In the distant horizon appeared two snow-white sails, and all was peace upon the great deep. The tombs of Jews are scattered carelessly about the

island, which is all uncultivated and neglected ground. The Lagunes, on our return, were like a sheet of silver, and the gondola glided swiftly over the still waters.

The public gardens formed at Napoleon's word of command, are a very pleasant, green, and popular retreat, thronged at the evening hour by much of the *beau monde* of Venice.

We visited the Galleria Correr; a municipal collection of curious odds and ends, ingenuities and whimsicalities from every quarter of the globe, a fine Magdalen by Guido, some ancient Flemish pictures, and a few old Italian ones, either very indifferent, or very bad. In the Palazzo Manfrini are some beautiful pictures. Among them a master-piece of Sassoferrato's, the Madonna with the infant Jesus in her arms, whose sleep is perfectly represented; the deep repose of the Holy Innocent is quite heavenly.

There is a curious portrait of Titian's mother; an old dame with a weather-beaten aspect, and a skin like dried parchment. Guido's Lucretia is a *chef-d'œuvre;* Titian's Head of Ariosto, a noble painting; and a group of gamesters by Caravaggio, masterly.

The Armenian college on the island of St. Lazaro, is well worth a visit. The church is

very neat, and the whole establishment handsome. A good education is given gratis to the Armenian boys. From the College printing-press works are sent to all parts of the world, chiefly on religious subjects. A great linguist was there, formerly Lord Byron's master, while at Venice; a fine intelligent old Armenian, acquainted with twenty-two languages.

After spending ten days very agreeably at Venice, we prepared for our journey to Munich, and left the Queen of the Adriatic on a glorious day in June. We breakfasted at Castel Franco, a pretty town situated in a smiling valley. Late in the evening we reached Bassano, and there remained two days; and again the journalist was too ill to use her powers of observation for the enlightenment of the public.

On the morning of the third day, we continued our interesting journey, and reached Borgo di Sugano, the first town in the Tyrol, in the evening. It is prettily situated in a valley, surrounded by richly wooded hills. After a day's rest, we started for Trent, and travelled through a beautifully varied country, with a succession of lofty hills, sunny valleys, rocky glens, and pretty villages. The houses are constructed *à la Suisse*, with wooden balconies and staircases out-

side; and the rising generation swarmed like bees in every direction. The women encountered *en route*, appeared dark, ugly, and sun-burnt; the men, a hardy-looking race, but equally devoid of beauty. We arrived at Trent in the evening, it is situated on the Adige, in a deep valley, surrounded by rugged rocky hills. The town is very clean and handsome, and our accommodation at the Europa hotel good, the fare ditto.

At the Tyrolese inns before-mentioned, we enjoyed the luxury of boarded floors, and the same abundance of fleas as in Italy.

After remaining a night at Trent, we left early the next day for Egna. The road winding through a valley with ranges of Alpine mountains on each side, ripe corn fields bearing a rich crop, and vines prettily trained over trellis-work. On approaching Egna, the road becomes still more picturesque, weeping willows bordering it on both sides. At the Grande Albergo all' Angeli, we were treated with a breakfast of stale fish, in a room containing bottomless sofas and chairs, and various unfinished novelties, and a surly landlord.

Our next stage was Botzen; the road for some time winding along the banks of the Adige,

which is here a broad, handsome stream. The route continued very picturesque between rocky mountains, with vineyards in the valley. In the evening we arrived at Botzen, where the Emperor's brother had just preceded us. A multitude of the peasantry had assembled in the square in front of the Hotel Corona Imperiale, and a military band was playing the national anthem.

The situation of Botzen is beautiful: the river Gisach in the valley, and the town surrounded by lofty and verdant mountains. The Corona is an excellent Inn, where the inner man will fare well.

We quitted Botzen early on the festival of St. Anthony: in honour of the saint, groups of peasantry were flocking to church. The men in their Tyrolese jackets, and short continuations of dark green. The women with a variety of head-gear: some wearing heavy seal-skin caps like Laplanders, some in large emerald green fly-caps, and bright red stockings, others with long hair, neatly braided, forming a graceful crown, and all carrying umbrellas of the gayest hue.

Our drive to Colmen, where we breakfasted, was exquisitely beautiful. Nothing can be more romantic than the scenery. The river Gisach, of whose interesting sinuosities Mrs. Starke has written, is here a fine, foaming, rapid torrent,

passing between high mountains, wooded to the very summit, and grand rocks covered with fresh green foliage. The prettiest little churches with bright red spires, rustic cottages, and villages are visible on the green hills, and in the verdant valleys.

Rude representations of the crucifixion, with dreadful figures of the bleeding Saviour, abound by the road side. As far as Britzen, the character of the scenery remains the same.

The rain swept in torrents over the hills, as we journeyed to Unteraugh. Our resting-place for the night was at a decent inn, in the vicinity of a new fortress. We left it the following day, and passed through a beautiful country, a snowy range visible in the distance, and the Gisach rushing over its rocky bed, *mit macht, mit macht,* on our left. We arrived early at Stirzingen, an old, clean-looking town, full of small inns, and fared well in a *déjeûner à la fourchette* at the Goldenen Krone.

Steinach was the next stage, and our drive through the Brenner Pass exquisitely beautiful: the bright clear waters of the Gisach sparkling and dashing over masses of rock in the valley. On each side of the winding road, are mountains covered with fine green larches, fine grassy

slopes, smooth as an English lawn, and cultivation carried to the summit of the highest hills. Pretty rural villages and churches are visible in every direction.

We passed one night at Steinach, a quaint-looking old town, with the most grotesque figures painted on the ancient houses. Early the following morning, we were *en route* for Innsprück, and again passed through a fine, mountainous country, varied by deep and beautifully wooded dells, and fir-crowned hills, the silvery river flowing on our right.

After five hours' travelling, we arrived at the Golden Eagle, Insprück: the town is situated in a cultivated valley, surrounded by mountains, and is spacious and handsome. Illness prevented the journalist from seeing the lions of Insprück, and great is the Reader's loss in consequence.

We crossed the Zirl to Seefeld. The scenery is wild and mountainous, but without any of the rich, verdant beauty of the Brenner Pass.

We breakfasted well at the Aigle Noir, situated in a dreary plain, and in the vicinity of a snowy range.

Mittenwald, the first town in Bavaria, is a quiet-looking old place, with curiously-painted houses. The road, for many miles after quitting it, is

most uninteresting, passing through a marshy valley, with high hills on both sides. As we approached Müdenaugh, the country is more cultivated. We passed one night at Weilheim, a neat town, and started for Munich the following morning, passing through an interesting country, with a chain of distant hills, and park-like scenery, with green slopes and wooded knolls on either side of the road. The Bavarian men, women, and children we met with *en route* seemed all equally ugly. The heavy fur cap of the females, their short petticoats, thick legs, and fat figures, form a most unprepossessing *tout ensemble.* The latter part of our journey through a beautiful wood reminded us of the New Forest. We approached Munich through an avenue of delicious lime trees. The peasant women had donned their Sunday's best, and wore a most curious head-dress, made of gold or silver lace, and spangles shaped like horns, falling over and concealing the plait of hair behind.

Munich is situated on an extensive plain, and is a very handsome town. The houses are superb, the streets airy and spacious, and the suburbs are very cheerful. We met with good accommodation and moderate charges at the Croix D'Or.

We first visited the gardens of Munich, and took the grand tour of the Jardin Anglais, which is very extensive, and very beautiful, arranged in English style, with fine trees of every description, smooth green slopes, rustic bridges, and a variety of pretty villas. Biederstein, belonging to the dowager queen, is delightful, and the superb lime trees of the Haf-Garten were surpassingly fragrant.

We passed a morning at the Glypothêk, the exterior of which is handsome, and the interior the same. The suite of rooms are superb, with marble floors and stands for the Egyptian and Grecian antiquities. The former are hideous, the latter exquisite specimens of Athenian and Corinthian sculpture. The finest modern statues are Canova's Venus, and Thorwaldsen's Adonis.

The botanical gardens at Munich are much neglected, and undeserving of particular description. After inspecting these, we drove to the Campo Santo, having heard it was one of the best in Germany. There were no fine monuments there, and the *mauvaise odeur* from the Rotunda, where the dead are laid out till interment, and the dreadful effluvia from those already underground, but not buried at a sufficient depth, made

our walk the most disagreeable of any churchyard tour ever taken.

The day following our visit to the Campo Santo was the anniversary of the Queen's birthday. Military bands commenced at an early hour to do honour to her Majesty, and cavalry and infantry lined the streets. Breast-plates and helmets glittered in the sunshine, beautiful music was played in all the principal churches, and the jubilee seemed universal.

We visited the royal manufactory of porcelain in the Kaufinger Strasse, which contains exquisitely beautiful specimens of painting on china, copies from Rubens, Claude Lorraine, Carlo Dolci, Titian, and the best Dutch and Flemish masters. The *chef-d'œuvres* of the royal collection were a group of Spanish children after Murillo, an old spinner at the Mittagsmahl, a merry-making of villagers from Teniers; copies from Gerard Dow, and from the Grecian Antiquities in the Glypothêk.

In the evening we went to the Opera. The House is very handsome, the orchestra excellent, the choristers admirable. The daybreak scene, in the opening of the Puritani, was well managed: Elvira warbled charmingly, Ricardo performed his part *a merveille*, but we sighed for the elec-

trifying notes of Lablache, in Giorgio. Queen Henrietta had a woful representative, and Arturo proved a very awkward lover, with a thick, muddy voice, but good taste. The house was crowded, and the parterre particularly gay, from the number of well-dressed, lady-like-looking women there. Each place being taken beforehand, no crush or confusion can occur, every individual having his own reserved seat, to which he is shown on presenting his ticket.

We visited, and were disappointed with the Duke of Leuchtenberg's gallery. Canova's three Graces, and Magdalen, are exquisite, and there are two or three interesting pictures in the first *salon;* a snow scene at "Novalaise au bas du Mont Cenis," and a "Virgin and Child," by the Baronne de Freiburg. In this room stands Napoleon's Council Table, taken from Malmaison. In the second *salon* is a Marine View, with a group of soldiers among the ruins, on whom the rays of the setting sun are reflected; one of Salvator Rosa's masterly pictures. A "Marchand de Gibier," by Mieris, admirably painted; "Peasants playing Cards," by Teniers; and a "Madonna with the Infant," by Murillo, are among the best in the gallery.

We drove through some of the suburbs of

Munich to the Prater, which was thronged with people; a mixture of various classes, smoking, beer drinking, and looking gravely happy over brown bread, substantial sausages, geese, ducks, and other delicacies. The gardens were illuminated, music and children playing, and waltzing commenced just as we quitted the scene.

The day after this excursion, be it recorded, for the edification and amusement of the reader, that it rained all the morning, afternoon, evening, and night.

The following morning we visited the Pinacothêk, a very handsome building, with eight large, and twenty-three small rooms of pictures.

In the second *salon* the finest pictures were, "The Usurers," by Quentin Matsys; a Sunset scene, by Roos; and "Shepherds and their flocks reposing among ruins," by the same artist.

In the third room is an inimitable portrait of an old man, by Rembrandt; and admirable pictures of fruit, vegetables, and game, by Snyders.

"The Adoration of the Shepherds," "Christ receiving Penitents," and "The Descent of the Holy Spirit," are the three most masterly paintings, by Rubens, in the fourth *salon*.

In the fifth, "A Satyr at Table with some

Peasants," by Jordaens, is one of the best; and the game pictures by Weenix are excellent.

There are some charming pictures by Murillo in the sixth *salon.* Two beggar-boys eating fruit, two small Spaniards playing, and an old woman cleaning the dirty pate of a ragged urchin, —all superlatively good.

The English church at Munich is a very small and humble-looking place of worship. The German Protestant church is spacious, the service simple and instructive, and the congregation appeared very devout.

Ten days passed pleasantly at Munich in exploring the beauties of nature and wonders of art. We quitted it with great regret, and commenced our journey to Augsburg on a brilliant summer's day.

CHAP. XI.

AUGSBURG. — WURTEMBERG. — DARMSTADT. — FRANKFORT. — THE RHINE.

The railroad to Augsburg passes through a very flat uninteresting country. We reached that town in two hours and a half, and were well accommodated at the Hotel of the Three Maurs.

The gate of the Cathedral at Augsburg is very handsome, and richly carved. In the interior of the building are five gothic, white-washed aisles, perfectly simple and unadorned; but the whole has a chaste and solemn aspect. The town is extremely picturesque; the houses are of irregular height, painted with a variety of gay colours and with pointed roofs. The streets are broad and airy, and the shops appear to be very good. The Palace is a humble, quaint-looking, ancient edifice situated near the Cathedral.

The women wear a grotesque head-dress, fixed high on the top of the head, with half a dozen black streamers of rusty-looking riband; a wild and not very graceful appendage.

Mine host of the Three Maurs was a very entertaining character, entered *con amore* into long political discussions, and uttered devout prayers, "for the continued mashority of the Toys, (alias Tories) in England."

We were much amused with the album of British travellers kept at the hotel. Perkins's and Jones's with troops of children, nobility and gentry, with the olive branches of their respective houses, and awful trains of *femmes de chambre,* and *valets;* beginning in the year 1815, "which brought a great and happy day to the hotel when the hero of Waterloo descended in it."

After resting one night at Augsburg we pursued our journey early the next day; as we drove through the town, market women were thronging in, laden with vegetables, fruit, and flowers; which are exposed for sale on each side of the streets. We travelled through a flat but cultivated country, the road bordered by poplars and mountain ash; the scene was very varied for many miles, green knolls, forests of fir, and pretty villages in succession. At Zufreithausen we had a very indifferent *déjeûner à la fourchette:* it is an uninteresting place misnamed a town. After quitting it the country bore a park-like appearance. We entered Guntsberg in a storm of

pelting hail and rain; the town is quiet and picturesque, and our accommodation and fare at the Hotel de L' Ours were equally good.

Our next stage was Ulm on the Danube. The country between Guntsberg and Ulm is a continued garden of vegetables; cabbages and potatoes in profusion, with a variety of other *choice* productions; good crops of grain and rich pasture land. Ulm is a clean-looking old town, with a very ancient cathedral, which owing to the tearful state of the clouds, we were prevented from visiting.

Over a rough road through an uninteresting country we journeyed to Geisslingen; at a distance of half a mile from this quaint-looking picturesque town, the scenery suddenly changed to a Tyrolean glen, beautifully wooded between rocky heights. Our accommodation and fare at the Golden Lion were tolerably good.

We passed one night there, and started early the following morning. The scenery was rich and varied during the day's journey; pretty cultivated valleys, wooded hills, and grassy slopes; the road bordered by pear and apple trees laden with fine fruit. The waggoners and other rustics that we encountered *en route* wore shorts and shovel hats like the dignitaries of our church. The women

plough and even reap, and cows draw burdens reserved for horses and bullocks elsewhere. We breakfasted at a clean and pretty village. The prospect from the hotel was delightful; rich green meadows, and a wooded hill with the river Neckar at its base. The day was beautiful; a summer sky and warm sunshine, giving a glowing light to every variety of rich colour in the wood in front of our auberge.

The country on approaching Stuttgard is fertile and pretty; vineyards, fields of grain, and fruit trees in abundance. We entered the town by a solemn avenue of tall poplars. Neither in Bavaria nor Wurtemberg were we annoyed with douanes or passports. Stuttgard is a large handsome, airy, cleanly looking, quiet town, with a fine palace and gardens. Fronting the royal suite of rooms is a lake; and delicious orange trees abound. The walks are shaded and extensive. In the rear of the palace is a superb bronze statue of Schiller by Thorwaldsen.

The cathedral is a very ancient edifice. The National Theatre most untheatrical in appearance. There is only one Roman Catholic church in the town. The commerce carried on is trifling. The principal manufactures are of cloth and silk. Our guide informed us the kingdom of Wurtemberg

is more free from pauperism than any other in Germany; the people tranquil and obedient to the laws.

Our quarters at the Hotel Marquadt were good, and fare excellent. We passed a night there, and the following morning were early *en route.*

The road was beautiful, bordered by fine fruit, lime, and chesnut trees; abundance of grain, every variety of bright poppy, and vine-covered hills in the distance. We passed Ludwigsberg, which is a royal residence; the town adjoining it very neat and clean. The country continued cultivated and pretty till we reached Heilbröm, an ancient quiet-looking town. The tower of the old church is handsome; but with the exception of some very antique sculpture over the altar there is nothing worthy of remark in the interior. Over the Town-Hall is a marvellous clock; one angel turns an hour-glass, another blows a trumpet, a cock crows, and two golden rams butt each other as the hours strike.

We left Heilbröm the morning following our arrival, and travelled through an undulating well-wooded country in which pear and apple trees abound. At the Hotel of the Three Kings at Sunshein we had a good *déjeûner à la fourchette.* After quitting this sunny nook we journeyed on

in a tempest of wind and rain. The road was bordered by apple trees laden with fruit; beyond these plains of grain were visible; the pretty villages through which we passed were swarming with fat children. The German females seem as prolific as the peasant women of the Tyrol.

The approach to Heidelberg is very romantic. The town is situated in a valley, surrounded by lofty hills, richly wooded; and the bright waters of the Neckar, which is here a broad stream, flowing on till it unites itself with the Rhine.

We found excellent accommodation at the Prince Carl, the best hotel in the town. The *table-d'hôte* was well supplied and the attendance good. Eighty or ninety German gentlemen, ladies, and children were present. A band of music played, and the tongues of the community were in exercise as actively as their teeth. A young lady at table, whose lover seemed very devoted, ate crawfish and pudding together; took a mutton chop in her delicate fingers, gracefully sucked the bone, and conveyed fried fish to her pretty mouth in the same unsophisticated style.

The morning after our arrival we breakfasted in the garden of the château. The view from the terrace is superb. The town of Heidelberg, the distant Rhine, and the Hart and Vosges moun-

tains forming the boundary of the magnificent view.

From the balcony of the château there is a fine prospect of the Neckar, winding through the valley, and of the mountains wooded to the ver summit.

The tower is extremely picturesque, and the most solid portion of the building is Queen Elizabeth's, the walls being sixteen feet deep. The Salle du Roi is superb.

In the ancient chapel there is nothing remark able, but the figure of the last priest in the confessional. The dungeon adjoining the kitchen has a cheerful and agreeable aspect. In the one beyond it darkness only is visible.

The great ton is deserving of all its celebrity: 33 feet long, 24 broad, and capable of containing 283,200 bottles of wine. The jolly buffoon Clemens, who drank daily fifteen bottles of wine, looks (in effigy at least) as if, for his stomach's sake, though not burdened with frequent infirmities, he could have imbibed even more of the inspiring juice of the grape. We walked over the ponderous ton, but being faithful disciples of Father Matthew, felt no desire for a return of the "merry wassail days" when its contents were hailed with universal joy. The gate of the château is very picturesque: the drawbridge of unusual length. But few of

the antiquities of the Chevalier de Graimberg are worthy of notice, save a good painting representing Louis XIV. as an infant, an interesting picture of Melancthon, and a jolly-looking head of Luther; also a beautiful specimen of sculpture, an apostle reading, by a German of the time of Carl Théodor.

After passing some hours among the beautiful ruins of the chateau, we drove to Schwetzingen, the property of the Grand Duke, six miles from Heidelberg. The country is without an undulation, but richly cultivated. The women with bare feet were employed in reaping. The rougher labour of ploughing is also performed by the fair sex. The little town of Schwetzingen, with its small inns, contains nothing worthy of remark. The gardens are very extensive; the orangerie and conservatories are fine, and a profusion of gay flowers bordered each side of the broad entrance walk. The perfume of the orange blossom would have drawn forth friend Mac Dow's favourite exclamation of deleeshuz at every step. Our cicerone, an old soldier decorated with two distinguishing ribands, led us by a pretty trellis walk, covered with American creepers and wild hops, to an unfinished temple of Minerva; then to the mosque, which is perfectly useless, and with the exception of its pretty

minarets, not ornamental. He exhibited a Roman ruin made at Schwetzingen, and certainly well done. Our guide next conducted us to the large muddy lake, which he shouted forth was "*der grosse see.*" Then to the temple of Apollo, its pretty fountain and rocks; and afterwards to a comical aviary of bronze birds, who squirted forth a certain portion of water into a small pond. The bath-house of the Grand Duke is very pretty; and with a little less stiffness and straightness of appearance, the gardens would be delightful.

Darmstadt was the next resting-place in our journey: the country surrounding it is varied, cultivated, and pretty. At the Hotel zur Traube, adjoining the Duke's palace, we engaged a good suite of apartments, and fared well in every respect. The aspect of the town is tranquillity itself; grass grows *ad libitum* in the streets; and the public gardens are deserted, neglected, desolate. There are spacious houses and handsome shops in Darmstadt; three churches for the Protestants, and one for the Catholics. The Chamber of Peers and Commons and Chancellerie are fine buildings; the hotels also are good and commodious.

The population of the duchy is estimated at 600,000 souls; and that of the capital at 24,000.

Living is said to be cheap; meat was sold for eleven kreutzers the pound, and coarse brown bread for three. A day labourer earns forty kreutzers; and the poor are said to be well provided for; and yet we saw more poverty of appearance in the abodes of the peasantry and their persons, than in any state previously visited.

After passing twenty-four hours at Darmstadt we started for Frankfort, distant six stunden, passing through a very flat uninteresting country.

Frankfort on the Maine is picturesquely situated: it is a fine, extensive, lively-looking town, with abundance of shops, grand hotels, spacious streets, handsome houses, and pleasant Boulevards. Our accommodation at the Hotel de Paris, in the Parade Platz, was excellent; the fare good, and charges moderate.

We first visited the Musée Bethman, and saw Dannecker's *chef-d'œuvre* of sculpture; "Ariadne on the Leopard," which is the very perfection of art; the limbs are beautifully moulded, and the attitude admirable; a subdued light is reflected from above on the whole scene.

We gave a respectful glance to the house were Göethe was born; the family arms (three lyres) are still over the door; the building is very modest and unpretending. There is a noble statue of the

Poet, the work of a Milanese artist at the Bibliothèque.

In the evening we visited the Opera; the house was dimly lighted, and dirty. Gluck's "Iphigenia" was performed. "Agamemnon" proved an excellent singer; and from the fat frame of Mrs. Agamemnon issued such rich, melodious sounds, tones of such rare sweetness as are seldom heard. Iphigenia warbled like a nightingale. The orchestra was good, the choristers superior, the scenery admirably managed. We heard the best thunder, and saw the cleverest stage lightning imaginable. The same quiet costume prevailed among the ladies here as at Munich.

The next day we drove to Bockenheim, through a cultivated but not picturesque country. Sweet gardens and smooth green lawns were attached to the pretty villas bordering the road. We walked to the Mainhiust, a sort of *café en plein air*, where indefatigable knitters, tea and coffee drinkers, smokers, and amateurs of *limonade gazeuse* assemble; bad cake is sold, and worse music played.

We visited the small French Protestant church at Frankfort, where English Protestants have service once a day; also the church of Saint Catherine, near the Corps de Garde on the Zeil, where the German Protestants assemble for wor-

ship. There was nothing worthy of admiration in either, and the congregation was very small.

After visiting the churches we drove to the Cimetière. The gateway at the entrance is handsome. Here, as at Munich, there is a room for the reception of dead bodies, which are watched till they give unequivocal signs of dissolution. The cemetery is arranged with great taste; and the flowers surrounding the resting-places of the dead are luxuriant. Drooping fuschias, rich balsams, blooming roses, the loveliest geraniums, fragrant heliotrope, and sweet mignionette; the scene was gay and bright as a resort of the living, and the walks are shaded by evergreens. Among the monumental tributes to the honoured dead, Thorwaldsen's and Mühler's are the best.

We left Frankfort in a small track boat, having in tow a very harmonious herd of pigs, grunting, squeaking, snorting, quarrelling, as if possessed by the devils of old. We had to combat with a strong head wind in our teeth; ran aground, and then made very slow progress. The banks of the Maine are flat, but the scenery improves at the junction of the two rivers.

Old Father Rhine is worthy of all that has been said and sung in its praise in times past and present; and Mayence, which we reached in the

evening, is beautifully situated: the broad clear river in front, ranges of blue hills in the distance; a fine line of hotels bordering the busy quay, and Asiatic-looking domes and minarets adding to the picturesque appearance of the town.

We engaged apartments at the Hotel de Mayence; were well accommodated, and the fare proved unobjectionable. The morning following our arrival we visited the Cathedral, which has no beauty, but great antiquity, to recommend it to a traveller's notice; and curious old monumental records of the archbishops and electors of Mayence, from the year 1000.

The market had a wonderful supply of onions, abundance of cheeses of most villanous odour, fruit, vegetables, ill-made shoes, toys, and trumpery. The theatre and cassino are neat buildings, and the statue of Gutenberg in bronze is very fine.

We crossed the handsome bridge of boats to the railroad station, and reached Wiesbaden in half an hour. The second class carriages on this line are as large and well fitted up as the first class in England or France.

A very irresistible youth sat opposite to us, whose attention was deeply absorbed in the earnest contemplation of a pair of moustaches of superior

manufacture, at which he gazed lovingly in a little portable glass.

Wiesbaden is a very interesting excursion from Mayence. The gardens in front of the Kursaal are delightfully arranged: the parterres filled with blooming and fragrant plants; pretty winding shady paths, and artificial decorations, naturally made: a band of music to enliven the company; a splendid *salon de conversation*, with fine marble columns, gilded roof, and the roulette table, of which Mrs. Trollope has given a very graphic account.

The Colonnade Bazar is filled with Parisian elegancies. The hotels and public baths are splendid; and pretty houses are built, and building We visited the promenades for fair and foul weather, for the luckless water drinkers; and only smelt at a respectful distance the hot sulphureous liquor which they are doomed to swallow.

We quitted Mayence at an early hour, in a new steamer, with a richly decorated cabin redolent of paint; and on the evening of the same day arrived at Boppart, an ancient town, prettily situated on the banks of the Rhine, and proceeded immediately to the Hydropathic Establishment at Marienberg.

CHAP. XII.

MARIENBERG, NEAR BOPPART ON THE RHINE.

Marienberg, once the peaceful retreat of a pious sisterhood, is now the abode of an eminent practitioner in the science of hydropathy, as firmly convinced of the sovereign efficacy of *L'Eau froide* as the learned Dr. Sangrado of the saving properties of *L'Eau chaude.* The ancient convent is metamorphosed into a spacious *Maison de Santé,* the cells of the gentle nuns, into airy and comfortable dormitories, equally available to heretics as to the faithful; the thaler being the "open sesame" of each; and to the silvery eloquence of this universal language the Doctor was keenly sensible.

The cloisters had undergone the same reform with the rest of the building. One room alone remained unchanged. The large banquetting chamber where the sisters celebrated the great festivals of their church is now the refectory of all the patients in the establishment. There is a fine view of old Father Rhine from the front of the

house, which opens on a pretty flowery terrace, the favourite resort of the invalids "at morning prime and dewy eve," and the view from the back of Marienberg is most *riante*—a happy valley and a succession of green and beautifully wooded hills.

Much would it rejoice the inner man of Father Matthew to be introduced to the bright, sparkling fluid, flowing in such clear crystal streams, from the verdant mountains of the Rhine: —

> " O wie dampft er in die Nase,
> O wie sprudelt er im Glase,
> Welch ein Trank!"

Many an ardent worshipper of Champagne, and other ensnaring juices of the grape, would become a convert to that delicious beverage, so seldom appreciated by the male descendants of Adam.

About one hundred votaries were assembled, bringing thither a heavy burden of disease in all its countless forms. The halt, the lame, the deaf, the paralysed, the martyr to gout, the dyspeptic, and rheumatic, and so on *ad infinitum*; and some energetic and laudable individuals were there, experimentalists in every new system, having for its "aim and end" the amelioration of human

suffering. Russians, Germans, Belgians, French, Dutch, Danish, specimens of human nature of various distant regions abounded; but few from merry England, or bonnie Scotland, and not one solitary branch from the great tree of human life in the Emerald Isle.

Very primitive hours and simple fare prevailed at the Hydropathic Institution. Cold water, and cold milk, rye bread, and "milch brod," and fresh butter, were liberally dispensed to appease the keen appetites of early risers, returning to breakfast, from a morning ramble on the mountains, at an hour when lazy citizens are pleading for a little more sleep as the sweetest nectar of life.

At one o'clock the sonorous voice of a huge gong summoned the community to a frugal repast. The soup most in vogue, a kind of innocent imitation of gruel, rendered more *piquante* by a copious allowance of barley husks. The *bouillie* of an agreeable toughness, and cubical portions of *rôtie* followed. A generous allotment of good farinaceous and esculent vegetables, with preserved fruits *à discretion.* The *Abend Tafel* groaned under the same weight of edible luxuries as at breakfast, and the *Morgen's früh trink* again rejoiced the noble heart of man. Water for ever, hurrah!

"erfrischt das Blut,
"Und schafft die Herzen mild und gut."

The weakest disciple of the Hydropathic faith daily imbibed eight or ten tumblers of Adam's potent ale. Even young maidens evinced their zeal in the good cause, to the amount of twenty-eight similar inflictions *per diem*! whilst the bolder energy of man was exhibited to the miraculous extent of fifty glasses. I have heard of some enthusiastic followers of Preissnitz adding ten to that number.

A day of Hydropathic diversions begins at 4 A. M., when the patient, even if arrived at years of discretion, submits to a sort of swaddling process, with infantine docility, which, under other circumstances, would be stoutly resisted, as an undue infringement of the liberties of the subject.

When every member is sufficiently secured against the chance of even an involuntary movement, the living mummy remains in bondage for four hours, until every pore in the body is open to overflowing, A mysterious trap-door in the floor of the passage leading to the chamber of the doomed then opens, and a bale of blankets, from which emerges a parboiled human head, is con-

signed to the open arms of an easy chair, sinks into the gulph beneath, and is plunged into a flood of icy water from the mountain. After which amusement a brisk walk is enjoined, and when concluded, the inner man is cheered with the breakfast before described. The burden of clothes is again speedily dismissed and a hip bath administered, in which the sufferer remains three-fourths of an hour, with permission to drink as much water as his physical capacity will admit. Another walk succeeds preparatory to dinner, where shades of character and manner were exhibited, more amusing than agreeable. *Par exemple*, a pen-knife would be substituted for a *cure dent*, forks also were converted into tooth-picks, and ladies with much feminine grace conveyed the food to their mouths with a knife, &c.

Billiards — music — newspapers — sometimes occupied the community for an hour or two before the serious labours of bathing were resumed. Cruikshank, or the immortal Titmarsh, would have found ample food for fun at Marienberg — inexhaustible subjects for their unrivalled genius as caricaturists. *Par exemple:*

Sights in a morning walk. — No. 1. A gentleman inclining over an ear-bath in the garden — especially constructed for the purpose of removing

deafness—zealously squirting water into his oral members. No. 2. Suffering from some obliquity of vision, and intent on relieving the same with the aid of an eye-bath. No. 3. Indefatigable in the application of the curative stream to his nose —afflicted with some invisible malady. No. 4. Trembling under the shock of a *douche.* No. 5. Screaming vigorously in a wave-bath. A water-sprite, pulling a certain string, causes a rush of mimic waves over all appertaining to the body save the head. No. 6. Enduring the slow torture of a *bain de poussière,* said to exercise a soothing influence over the nerves. The condemned sits in a species of un-easy chair, surrounded with small metal tubes, from which issue the most infinitesimal streams of water, which creep slowly over the whole frame.

The number of baths administered during the day varies with the nature of the malady and the strength and *bonne volonté* of the invalids. I believe eight is a number rarely exceeded by female patients, and ten the general limit with the male. Life at Marienberg is passed in the pleasing alternations of dressing, undressing, bathing, and walking. Bend your steps which way you will, bathers of all sorts and sizes, and

most questionable shapes, in every variety of disguise and dishabille, are hurrying to or emerging from the variety of bathing-places within and without the walls of the ancient convent.

The treatment of the *Cure de Raisins* is a *bonne bouche* reserved for autumnal days, and considered by the worthy physician a very important branch of his healing art. The quantity is more seriously regarded than the quality of the fruit. The patient is exhorted to eat 10lbs. daily, and on no account to waste the invaluable seeds and precious skins, both being highly conducive to the restoration of his bodily health. *Les Raisins* are not considered in the light of a *don d'amitié*, but form a lucrative extra in the bill of fare, and exercise a most economical influence in the doctor's favour, reducing the patient's appetite for more costly fare.

The expenses incurred at the establishment varied of course with the nature of the accommodation. For 10*l.* per month all requisite comfort was attainable, and the fee generally given for the doctor's attendance very moderate; seldom more than a monthly donation of four thalers for each individual.

The servants are contented with a small re-

compence. All were German, and few understood a syllable of any language but their own.

The most remarkable of these would have been a charming subject for one of Hunt's inimitable pictures. A jolly specimen of thriving boyhood, with a face like a full-blown peony, and all his bodily members in keeping therewith, rejoicing in the descriptive cognomen of Wasser Peter—a privileged individual, passing his *sans souci* days in the agreeable occupation of supplying the community at Marienberg with as much of the popular beverage as they required; an arduous task, most smilingly performed.

Pic-nic parties were of frequent occurrence, and in this fine climate a morning promise of sunshine might be relied on for the succeeding hours of the day. Part of the amusement, I believe, consisted in proceeding to the place of rendezvous, in the rudest country conveyance, constructed in the neighbourhood of Boppart; of somewhat smaller dimensions, than Russell's celebrated waggon, but assaulting the bones of the passenger therein more roughly than the vans of the Egyptian Transit Company.

While the writer was one of the happy inmates of Marienberg a grand ball was given to the nobility and gentry of Boppart and its vicinity.

The Morning Post or Court Journal alone could give an adequate description of the beauty and fashion then and there assembled; graceful dames, lovely damosels, and gallant knights of high degree.

Pre-eminent among the heroes of the night, towered the manly form of one of the most illustrious dignitaries in Marienberg, Knight of the Steel, and grand carver of the establishment. Next in rank, graceful as the Apollo Belvidere, fleet-footed as an antelope, a very zephyr in the mazes of the dance, was the much sought after and universally admired Knight of the Shears.

Among the sylphs *belle à ravir*, a bright particular star shone — *La cuisinière*. Time would fail me to number the graces of that festive scene; though memory's magic lantern reflects them all.

Farewell to thee, sweet Marienberg, thy verdant mountains, thy smiling valleys, bright flowers, and matchless waters!

Farewell to the happy family of the great well-washed! Success to the heads and tails of thy most meritorious establishment — and Water for ever, hurrah!

" erfrischt das Blut,
" Und schafft die Herzen mild und gut!"

The journalist now desires to leave to the lively imagination of the public a swift flight from Marienberg to peerless England, and a happy return to the home of true English hearts, the "Great Babylon" of modern days.

Adieu, and with your permission, kind public, *Au revoir!*

THE END.

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